Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION

AS VIEWED BY MR. WORTHINGTON

BY THE EDITOR

Mr. William P. Worthington of Boston, Massachusetts, was introduced to the readers of this REVIEW *in November, 1915, when he discoursed at length, in conversation with his nephew, a young banker, upon "Patriotism and Profits." He was then depicted as a retired merchant of a philosophical turn of mind, firm in his convictions and patriotic to the core of his being. Again he is seated in his library when his nephew enters, greets him respectfully and opens the conversation, the two thereafter speaking alternately.*

—Well, sir, here I am again!

—So I perceive. And, as ever, I am grateful that you should favor me with your companionship at the sacrifice of more pleasurable diversions.

—Oh, come, now, I can't stand for that. The obligation is quite the other way around.

—Thank you. There are times when I find the manners of the present generation most agreeable.

—Uncle, I am in trouble,—no, not financially; I am all right that way. I am bewildered politically. I am to cast my first ballot next November and I have come to you for enlightenment and counsel.

—But I am a Democrat.

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—I know, and I am by inheritance and tradition a Republican, but we can safely consider ourselves as both good Americans, can't we?

—I hope so.

—Besides, you are not such a very rigid Democrat.

—I never voted for Mr. Bryan, if that is what you mean. But I did not forsake my party when I followed Palmer and Buckner. My party forsook me.

—You hold, then, as a believer in responsible party government, that a citizen should stand with his organization unless there should clearly appear a conclusive reason why he should renounce it for the time being?

—That is the established creed of your party declared with positiveness by your candidate. I should say that, as a Republican, you are bound by it.

—And you correspondingly as a Democrat?

—Not in the present instance. Our leader has absolved me from that obligation in two ways. Recently in a speech in Washington he appealed for re-election specifically as a non-partisan and declared that, in the present situation, party lines should be obliterated. I surmise that he had Republicans and Progressives more particularly in mind, but of course the rule works both ways. It is a natural and consistent position for him to assume. Mr. Wilson has never been a partisan. Wholly aside from his reiterated professions of independence, his record shows conclusively that he regards the Democratic party as merely a political means to a personal end. He will tolerate the organization during a campaign, but he never fails to disown it on the day after election. He won much acclaim by doing this in New Jersey, when as Governor he utterly ignored the organization which had achieved his election. He has pursued the same policy as President. The Clark majority in Baltimore comprised the bone and sinew, the old conservative stock of the party, from States like Massachusetts and Kentucky. The Wilson element consisted of the rag, tag and bobtail, former Populists, Bryanites and the like. This sufficed for the nomination, but it was the sturdy old band of regulars, led by the Speaker himself, that won the election. And they had their labor for their pains. Chairman McCombs strove valiantly for their recognition, but to so little purpose that he, too, was driven to the wall and did not even mention the President's name when speaking as the official

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head of the party in St. Louis. The Speaker himself was wholly ignored until his assistance in obtaining legislation became essential. In point of fact, I can think of but two of the old-stock or Clark Democrats who received appointments—Martin J. Wade of Iowa, for personal reasons, and James W. Gerard, in appreciation of financial help. Clearly the President considered himself under no obligation to the party as a party. Indeed, you may recall that while the outcome in Baltimore was in doubt Mr. Wilson was speculating with his family upon the prospects of a long visit to the lakes of England. It seems never to have crossed his mind that he might owe any service to his party unless he himself were to be the beneficiary. The policy is comprehensible, of course, to a student of human nature, but I fear that the consequences in November, in States like New York, Illinois and Missouri, may not be altogether gratifying.

—You spoke of another reason why you consider yourself acquitted of party allegiance.

—Yes; it is to be found in abandonment of Democratic doctrine. The President's espousal of Protection for Protection's sake is, of course, a flat repudiation of the chief Democratic principle of a revenue tariff, but even that sinks into insignificance when compared with Federal interference with purely domestic concerns. If the Democratic party ever has stood or now stands for anything at all, it is for the right of local self-government. Nobody understands that better than the President himself. You cannot find anywhere a clearer exposition of the fatal folly of attempting to impose upon communities " paternal morals, morals enforced by the judgment and choices of the central authority at Washington " than he has made.

" The proposed Federal legislation with regard to the regulation of child labor," he declared, " affords a striking example. If the power to regulate commerce between the States can be stretched to include the regulation of labor in mills and factories, it can be made to embrace every particular of the industrial organization of the country. The only limitations Congress would observe should the Supreme Court assent to such obviously absurd extravagances of interpretation would be the limitation of opinion and circumstances."

—But, Uncle, I thought the President was in favor of this very legislation.

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—I do not know whether he is or not. The words I have quoted he used in his lecture on constitutional government in 1908. True, I did read the other day that he had visited the Capitol in person and demanded the immediate enactment of the vicious Bill which he condemned so sharply eight years ago. It may be that, with that remarkable facility for changing his mind upon which he prides himself, Mr. Wilson has formed a contrary opinion, but I hardly think so. In fact, I haven't a doubt that he still regards such legislation as fundamentally wrong and that he has no expectation that the Supreme Court will "assent to such obviously absurd extravagances of interpretation." I do not see how any intelligent student of our system of government can think otherwise.

—But you are in favor of the regulation of child labor?

—Assuredly,—by the States; and in this instance the States have not been neglectful. All but three, if I am not mistaken, already have enacted excellent laws upon this subject,—laws properly adapted to local conditions. Even if they had not, "the remedy," as Mr. Wilson said in 1908, "lies not outside the States, but within them", and "in no case will their failure to correct their own measures prove that the Federal Government might have forced wisdom upon them."

—How then, assuming that Mr. Wilson is of the same opinion still, do you account for his reversal of position?

—Dr. Eliot has stated the reason.

—Dr. Eliot?

—Yes, our own revered President Emeritus, who wrote a letter to Senator John W. Kern which that distinguished leader, with characteristic stupidity, had read to the Senate. Here it is:

ASTICOU, ME., *July 21, 1916*.

Hon. JOHN W. KERN.

MY DEAR SIR: I venture to express the opinion that in view of the coming Presidential election it would be very unwise to postpone the passage of the child-labor bill until December next. The Democratic Party needs the support next November of the numerous Republicans and Progressives who are interested in the child-labor legislation. The party has nothing to lose by passing the bill, and possibly much to gain.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

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There you have the whole story. It was "in view of the coming Presidential election" and nothing else that Mr. Wilson suddenly, after three years of passivity, awoke to the pressing need of this legislation. A few Southern Senators made a gallant stand for the preservation of the fundamental principle of the Democratic party, but they could not prevail against the power and prestige of the President. Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland are disowned and so necessarily, as a Democrat irrevocably opposed to sumptuary legislation, am I. Again for the time being my party has left me, not I my party.

—But did not the Republicans in Congress also support the measure?

—In a large measure, yes. But they violated no professed doctrine in doing so. The Republican party has always been a Federalist party. Consequently it has not broken faith. That is the difference.

—Is not the same issue involved in the question of Woman Suffrage; that is, as between granting the privilege of voting through action by the States, as advocated by Mr. Wilson, and doing so by constitutional amendment, as urged by Mr. Hughes?

—Not so sharply, no; indeed, perhaps not at all. Mr. Hughes has at least the ground of precedent to stand upon. In fact, the first and most notable performance of his party was the bestowal of the vote upon the negroes by this process. The practical nullification by some of the States does not alter the fact.

—But has the Nation a moral right to impose Woman Suffrage upon States which do not want it?

—It did impose Negro Suffrage upon States which did not want it. New Jersey, Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, California and Oregon rejected the Fifteenth Amendment and even New York rescinded its ratification. But for the exercise of the Federal power over elections negroes would not be permitted to vote in those States today. Nor would Senators be elected by popular vote in Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Utah or Virginia. While then, personally and as a Democrat, I favor the determination of all such questions by the States, I have to concede the general right of the Nation with respect to elections. While, too, I believe in the wisdom of extending suf-

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frage to women, I was not impressed by the reason advanced by Mr. Hughes.

—You mean because it is inevitable?

—Precisely. Presumed inevitableness does not constitute justification for acceptance of a policy deemed to be inherently unsound. On the contrary, it should induce even more vigorous resistance. Mr. Hughes would have been on solid ground if he had rested his case upon the fact that a far greater proportion of the people demand the constitutional extension than called for the Senatorial amendment. I wonder that he did not.

—I notice that Mr. Wilson criticises Mr. Hughes for going beyond his platform; that he "cannot see how candidates can consistently disregard these official declarations."

—Mr. Wilson is hardly in a position to make that point, in view of his own repeated repudiations of "official declarations." He did, if I mistake not, solemnly assure the suffragists soon after he became President that he could not possibly uphold a movement not mentioned in his party platform, but later he not only declared, but somewhat ostentatiously voted, for it. He could now, if he deemed best, pronounce for the amendment with equal consistency. Indeed, I have heard expressed a strong suspicion that he would have done so if Mr. Hughes, as the phrase runs, had not "beat him to it." But one should not question even a candidate's sincerity on a mere rumor. We have to assume that both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson are actuated in this matter by profound convictions, giving only incidental heed to the ninety-one electoral votes hanging in the balance. In any case, Suffrage has become a question of method only, not of principle.

—What to your mind is the dominant issue?

—Give me your idea.

—From the Democratic standpoint that the President "has kept us out of war."

—That no doubt is correct; that is to say, the chief appeal to the country rests upon that assertion. Of course, it is not true. The President has not kept us out of war. He put us into war when, before Congress had given him the power, he employed the "armed forces of the United States" to enforce a personal decree in a neighboring State and he repeated the operation when he ordered the troops to invade the

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same country. Battles have been fought and blood has been shed to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed by the regular soldiers of both countries. We are at war now and will continue to be so long as an American soldier remains on foreign soil against the protest of that duly recognized foreign Government. But you were not referring to the crimes against Mexico?

—No; to the European situation.

—So I supposed. Well, assuming that there has been no danger of armed conflict with the Allies, it all resolves to our relationship with the Central Powers.

—Yes.

—But the President has not kept us out of war with them. They have kept out of war with us for most excellent reasons of their own. Mr. Wilson invited trouble when he handed the Austrian Ambassador his passports, but the Austrian Emperor refused to take up the gage of battle. It was he, not the President, who averted hostilities by disregarding what at another time would have been considered sufficient excuse if not, indeed, the positive necessity of a Nation proud enough to fight. And it is not the President who has kept us out of war with Germany. It is the Kaiser. Mr. Wilson's Notes have been truculent enough to make for war over and over again, but Germany has averted conflict at each psychological moment out of consideration of her own welfare, not as a consequence of any of the many things the President has written. And she has done it in her own sweet way at her own chosen time. Personally I do not believe that we have been in danger of war at any stage. Nobody could afford to drag us in and nobody has done so. That is all there is of it. If we had convinced all warring Powers at the outset that we really meant to maintain our rights as a neutral, we would have obtained them beyond the shadow of a doubt. But our shillyshallying with Mexico had indicated all too plainly that they could play fast and loose with us with impunity. And they have done it,—both sides.

—What about the abandonment of submarine warfare by Germany?

—I do not know that it has been abandoned. It has not been prosecuted so murderously of late because Germany found that its effectiveness for the time at any rate did not warrant the cost. But it may be resumed at any moment.

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As Mr. Norman Hapgood says, in celebrating the President's "great diplomatic triumph," our rights at sea may be considered as established unless or until the operations shall be resumed; and then, he adds naïvely, we should be at war. So you see it all rests, as it all has rested from the beginning, with the Kaiser. The President can only hope and pray that Germany will see no advantage to herself in renewing her former practices until after election day. Otherwise, as in the last instance when a tentative concession was insultingly made in response to American public opinion, not to the President, further surly observations may be forthcoming, as usual, after the event. But you may rest assured that Germany is still ready, as she has been ready throughout, to do whatever is necessary to avoid war with the United States.

—I should like to ask you this: Are you, as an American, satisfied with President Wilson's foreign policy?

—I could hardly answer yes to that while the officially avowed assassination of American citizens on the *Lusitania* continues unatoned for, while England is permitted to disregard our established trading rights and while the massacre of our soldiers at Parral and Carrizal still evokes only honeyed words in an effort to placate the disdainful Carranza. But the unhappy fact is that I cannot discover that Mr. Wilson has any foreign policy, except perhaps denial of the right of American citizens to protection beyond our borders. He has partially disposed of each case as it has arisen without fixity of purpose or heed to any general line of conduct,—attempting, vainly as a rule, to lock the door after the horse is stolen. The vacillation of the Administration no doubt merits all the censure it is receiving, but to my mind its dilatoriness has produced far more serious consequences. When it has done the right thing, it has done it almost invariably at the wrong time,—generally too late. The mere fact that Germany finally agreed—for how long nobody can tell—to give unoffending passengers a chance for existence is proof conclusive that she would have yielded in the beginning, if she had been convinced that we meant what we said,—and hundreds of lives would have been saved.

—Then you agree with Mr. Hughes that the tragedy of the *Lusitania* could have been averted?

—Undoubtedly. If the German Ambassador had been called sharply to account and warned as he should have been

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on the day when he published his impudent notification to American travelers, it is most unlikely that the vessel would have been sunk. Whether Mr. Hughes himself as President would have acted with essential promptness is a question. I am disposed to doubt it. Nobody at the time, of course, believed that any nation claiming to be civilized would really commit so damnable an outrage. All we really know is that, whatever another might have done, Mr. Wilson not only did nothing but, even more disquietingly, as we contemplate the future, he has repeatedly shown evidences of temperamental incapacity to grasp and master a critical situation at the psychological moment.

—But the Democratic spokesmen insist that all that is ancient history, that it is idle to harp upon what has happened, and that Mr. Hughes should inform the country what he would do now or in the immediate future.

—True, what is done cannot be undone; but what has been done affords the only indication of what would be done again by the same authority. It is Mr. Wilson, not Mr. Hughes, who is on trial, and he can be judged only by his acts. It may seem smart to demand from Mr. Hughes a precise statement of the way in which he, if elected, will meet a hypothetical contingency, for the simple reason, of course, that he cannot answer. Nor can Mr. Wilson. Nor could anybody. Mr. Norman Hapgood declares that the President will make war on Germany if she renews her illegal submarine activities, but I doubt if Mr. Wilson would commit himself so far. In any case, there is as much reason in requiring a definite declaration from the one as from the other. All such truculent queries are silly,—cheap and tawdry political claptrap. As well might Nero have stopped fiddling upon a certain occasion and demanded of the Romans:

"As you may perceive, the city is burning. I may or may not be responsible. What does it matter? It is useless for you to say that another might have prevented the fire, but the deed is done. The only question now is, what are you going to do about it?"

The Romans, overwhelmed by the logic and power of their ruler, did nothing; but I suspect that, if they had been Americans, they would have replied:

"We are first going to get rid of Nero. Then we shall save what we can from the wreck and rebuild the city."

That is the answer which, in fact, William M. Tweed did

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receive when he propounded a like question following the political devastation of New York, and which, in truth, is the only one that can be made to unfaithful or incapable public servants. It typifies precisely the attitude of Mr. Hughes and his party in the present situation, and they are wholly within their rights and the proprieties when they pronounce it conclusive.

—You do not agree, then, with those who criticize Mr. Hughes for attacking the Administration so sharply?

—I did not complain of Mr. Wilson's assaults upon the Taft administration four years ago. Nor to my knowledge did Mr. Taft. It is an odd and interesting circumstance that the present Government seems really and quite honestly, for some inexplicable reason, to regard itself as immune to ordinary strictures. Its very inefficiency is smug. Witness the Bryan-that-was and Josephus and Redfield and the Wandering Mouse!

—What of Lane and Houston?

—Exceptionally capable, industrious and trustworthy officials, so far as one can discern. I hold, too, and believe that the results will demonstrate, that Mr. McAdoo has made an admirable Secretary of the Treasury, clear-headed, broad-minded and courageous. Garrison was, of course, the best of the lot, but the man who has rendered by far the greatest service to Mr. Wilson is Mr. Tumulty. With the possible exception of Colonel Lamont, no Secretary to a President has been his equal in combined tact, diplomacy, astuteness, tirelessness and personal devotion.

—And Mr. Burleson?

—Mr. Burleson has been necessarily what you of the present generation quite graphically depict as the goat. It has been his difficult task to put deserving Democrats into the offices without impairing the reputation of his chief as a true civil service reformer,—former Vice President, in fact, of Doctor Eliot's impolitic Association. He has failed measurably in both endeavors, but is entitled to credit for doing the best he could. The President belied his professions and made a grievous blunder when he let Mr. Bryan run riot in the diplomatic service, but I cannot become resentful over the cancellation of Mr. Taft's political death-bed-conversion order " covering in " 30,000 Republican postmasters. If Wilson, defeated for re-election, should do the same thing, I shall watch the course of Mr. Hughes with interest. It is

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a fact, I believe, that Mr. Wilson's is the first recent Administration under which the classified service has not been extended, and that is unfortunate because it savors of hypocrisy; but even so I find myself unmoved by the righteous indignation of Senator Boies Penrose.

—Why does not Mr. Hughes reject the so-called hyphenated support?

—Why does not Mr. Wilson? For the identical reason. They both want all the votes they can get. No two public men in the country have denounced and fought political bossism more vigorously; and yet I have not heard that Mr. Hughes has repelled Mr. Penrose, while only this morning the Democratic Chairman announces exultantly that Mr. Charles F. Murphy is enthusiastic for Mr. Wilson. So far as German-born citizens are concerned, a large majority have always been Republicans and will probably follow their traditional bent. Some doubtless will vote against Mr. Wilson because of dissatisfaction with his conduct of international affairs. So will a good many Anglo-Americans for the same reason. But the actual voting influence of sympathy with the various warring countries has been greatly exaggerated. My own impression is that a larger number of German-Americans than usual will vote the Democratic ticket this year because they think Mr. Wilson is less likely than Mr. Hughes to encourage measures abridging personal liberty. Talk of opposing Mr. Hughes as "the Kaiser's candidate" is sheer humbug. As well one might urge the rejection of Mr. Wilson because the Czar hopes he will win. Once concede that the favorable attitude of a foreign ruler does or should operate to the prejudice of a candidate and you admit the power of that ruler to influence an election by ostensibly disapproving of his real choice. Specious negative pleading of that kind is not argument; it is nonsense.

—And yet there does seem to be a difference between Mr. Wilson's attitude with respect to the election and that of Mr. Hughes. I see no objection to Mr. Hughes being, as he expressed it, "100 per cent. candidate." I think he ought to be. But I must say that I liked the announcement from the White House that the President was so wholly engrossed in official duties that he firmly refrained from participating in the political canvass.

—Then you assume that Mr. Vance McCormick's constant consultations with Mr. Wilson bear upon purely public af-

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fairs and that the luncheon parties at the White House for State leaders are given for the enlightenment of the President, let us say, upon international problems?

—Well, I——

—Well, don't. Your "difference" is only a distinction. Mr. Hughes considers it advantageous to appear eager to carry his party into power while Mr. Wilson feels that a certain coyness will curry favor with the people. Mr. Hughes has been so long out of political harness that he really has to labor to appear ardent. Mr. Wilson has no such difficulty. He could seem to be 150 per cent. candidate if it seemed advisable. But both may safely be reckoned at par.

—Granting that the most effective Democratic appeal is to the spirit of gratefulness for prevailing peace and prosperity, what are the real issues from the Republican standpoint?

—Patriotism vs. Pacifism. Protection of American Lives and Properties the World Over. True Preparedness. Constructive Policies. Party Government vs. Personal Government. Higher Tariff Duties to Safeguard both Labor and Capital against Foreign Competition. Efficiency. Economy. Personality. Character.

—That sounds good to me.

—Naturally. As you remarked, you are a Republican.

—But you?

—I am still a Democrat; quite still, as David B. Hill once observed, but yet true to my colors. Whether I shall vote for Mr. Wilson, feeling free as I do to form an independent judgment, is not determined in my mind. I am waiting to hear what he has to say for himself. So far Mr. Hughes has been less explicit with respect to the future than I should like, but, if such a simile be permissible in view of his former predilections, his blanket has not been off very long. It may turn out, as some suggest, that he is not the man he used to be and maybe never was, but on the other hand we must consider the probable effect of re-election upon what Grover Cleveland called the "selfish and domineering" spirit of Mr. Wilson. The coming month should be a time of meditation and perhaps, in striving for accurate differentiation between two ministers' sons, of prayer.

—I wonder if you would agree with my Finn?

—What does your Finn say?

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—"Weel-sen ees not so guhdt. He goes oudt. Now Huhn-gus comes in."

—I neither agree nor disagree. Another month should point the way.

THE "TRAITORS" OF TWO CENTURIES

Roger Casement was a traitor. So much must be conceded, though without conceding that it was well to send him to a traitor's death. There is no valid definition of the word which makes it inapplicable to him. The definition of treason in the Constitution of the United States is of all most lenient and least drastic. Yet under both of its prescriptions, Casement must have been accounted guilty. He levied war against the Government and integrity of his country, and he adhered to its enemies, giving them aid and comfort. All this must be frankly conceded, even by those who were most friendly to him and to the cause which he sought to serve, and by those who most question, deplore or condemn the action of the British Government in putting him to death. It is no charity, nor favor, nor justice to his memory to pretend otherwise.

There are those who say that if he was a traitor, so was Washington. To that we demur. The two cases are not analogous. However the American Revolutionists may have been regarded under the British laws of the Eighteenth Century, they were not traitors according to the American interpretation of the term. They were not traitors even in the brief period before the Declaration of Independence, while after that event they were not regarded as traitors by the British Government of that time. Washington and his colleagues, prior to July 4, 1776, did not levy war against Great Britain in the sense meant by our Constitution in its definition of treason. They were not trying to overthrow it, or to expel it. They were simply resisting with force and arms some of its administrative acts—a very different thing. Certainly they were not adhering to its enemies, for the French alliance was not made until long afterward; and France, after all, was not an avowed or recognized enemy of Great Britain when that alliance was finally made. Rebels our Revolutionists were, but rebellion is not always identical with treason.

So much for the ante-Independence period. After the

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Declaration the status was radically changed. In one sense, it is true, the Revolutionists were more like traitors, since they unquestionably were levying war, in the fullest sense, against the British Government, and they were presently adhering to its enemies, giving them, or receiving from them, aid and comfort. Nevertheless, the open establishment of a new and fully organized Government, which was capable of exercising and did in fact exercise the functions of Government, both in authority and in responsibility, placed them rather in the category of sovereign belligerents. Apparently the British Government itself thus interpreted the situation. It sent Howe over to enter into negotiations with Washington, and on subsequent occasions during the war it sought or expressed a readiness to engage in negotiations, and they were negotiations such as a Government does not conduct with traitors. Moreover, it did not punish or treat as traitors, but as legitimate prisoners of war, the Revolutionists who fell into its hands, whether private soldiers or high officers.

A radical difference must be perceived between the methods of the American revolutionists and those of Casement and the Sinn Fein. Had Casement followed the example of Washington, he would have remained in Ireland, and there would have led militant resistance to the abuses and oppressions of the British Government. If, and when, he found such resistance to be ineffectual for inducing reforms, he would have proceeded to organize and to put into practical operation an Irish Government publicly proclaimed as an independent sovereignty. This latter, it is true, was in a measure done by the Sinn Fein. But that was done in a radically different fashion from the corresponding act in America. Moreover, before that outbreak, and before there was any public manifestation of its imminence, Casement was engaged in his intrigues with the enemies of Great Britain.

It cannot be argued that Casement did not recognize the British Government as his, or as the lawful Government of Ireland. On the contrary, he *did* conspicuously thus recognize it. If he had been an avowed opponent of that Government, his status would have been different, and far more favorable—morally if not in legal technicality. But he was not. He was no follower of Stephens, of Michael Davitt, or of O'Donovan Rossa; of Parnell, Biggar or Redmond. On the contrary, he gave every indication of loyal acquiescence

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in and support of British rule. He accepted, he solicited, honorable and pecuniarily profitable employment at the hands of the British Government. For nearly a score of years he was an active, conspicuous, useful and presumably loyal officer of the consular service, in Africa and in South America. Also he accepted knighthood and other decorations at the hand of the King. Surely, this was ample recognition of the British Government as his and as Ireland's Government. Down to the beginning of the present war there was no hint nor symptom of his disaffection.

These were the circumstances which made his conduct seem the more surprising and his treason the more flagrant. Even then, had he openly renounced allegiance to the British Crown and joined the enemy, he would have occupied a more explicable and more creditable status. But instead, he engaged in secret intrigues for the seduction of British soldiers and for the assistance of the enemies of Great Britain in a secret attempt to invade the British Isles. A clearer case of treason could hardly be imagined than that which is made out by the acknowledged facts in the case.

All this is said without in the least reflecting unfavorably upon the aspirations of Ireland for Home Rule, or even for entire secession from the United Kingdom and from the British Empire. Those aspirations have been cherished by some of the noblest and best Irishmen, and have commanded the earnest sympathy of men in other lands the world over. But again there are radical differences. Emmet did not seek nor accept an office of profit under the British Crown. O'Connell did not conspire with belligerent enemies of the United Kingdom. It was, with Parnell and his fellow Land Leaguers and Home Rulers, an unbroken rule to accept no office from the Government from which they were trying to separate Ireland. John Redmond has not intrigued with Germany. It was the perfidy of Casement in eagerly accepting for many years emoluments and honors from the British Government, and then insidiously and surreptitiously striving to betray it to its enemies, that made his case so flagrant.

Yet all this, too, is to be said without passing upon the wisdom or the unwisdom—perhaps we might say, the justice or the injustice—of meting out to him the irretrievable penalty of death. From the point of view of political policy—which is not always the most exalted point of view—it is perhaps an open question whether it might not have been

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better to treat him with clemency and mercy. Would the sparing of his life have been regarded as clemency and as the generosity of a great Power, or as a confession of weakness and of fear? From a higher point of view—from the standpoint of moral principle—the question is to be considered whether it is well for a Government thus to treat political crimes against itself with the most extreme severity, while at the same time it refuses to take cognizance of even the gravest political crimes committed against its neighbors. There seems to be a possible incongruity in a nation's hanging its own traitors and at the same time giving inviolable asylum to the traitors of other lands so as to prevent them, too, from being hanged.

From another point of view the propriety of the hanging of Casement may be called into question. That is the point of view which has regard to his sanity or insanity, and therefore to his moral responsibility. He was known to be, and always to have been, a man of supersensitive nerves and of extravagant impulses. He served arduously for years in a tropical climate, in precisely such a climate as has notoriously in India caused many a better ballasted man than he to go " off his head "—that is, to have his mental faculties detrimentally affected if not entirely wrecked by intense physical discomfort and suffering, conjoined with hard intellectual labor and an overburdening of his sensibilities and sympathies. Now Casement performed exhausting labors in the Putumayo region; his mind and heart were unspeakably agonized by the contemplation of the inhuman atrocities which he was instrumental in exposing to the world; and it was in a climate of peculiarly maddening torridity. It would require no stretching of the imagination to suppose that these conditions and circumstances united to impair his mental integrity and equally lessen his moral responsibility.

Upon these questions, however, we cannot assume to pass. It is unhappily now too late for any determination of them which could be profitable to him or to the Government which sent him to the scaffold. All that now remains is a profound regret for a most pitiable tragedy, the double tragedy of the unavailing insurrection and of its ruthless repression and retribution; together, it may be hoped, with a heart-searching consideration of treason and its penalties in the Twentieth Century, compared with the Eighteenth and before. Our own nation dealt with treason and with traitors

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in 1861-65 very differently from the way it dealt with them in 1776-83. We are inclined to think that the change was as profitable to us in practice as it was creditable to us in sentiment; and we shall not be charged with egoism if we suggest that our example in that respect might be profitable for emulation by all the world.

A TALE OF TWO EMPIRES

One empire falls; another is exalted and confirmed: that is one of the most impressive and not least important reflections caused by current incidents of the great war. It is a fact which will doubtless prove of transcendent importance not only to the two empires concerned, but also to the whole world.

At the beginning of the war Germany had a colonial empire in three of the grand divisions of the world: Africa, Asia, and Oceanica. It comprised a land area of 1,027,820 square miles, or nearly as much as the whole United States of America. It had a population of more than 12,000,000. Much of it was of immense value, both for the intrinsic richness of its resources and for its strategic location. Germany had spent hundreds of millions of dollars upon it, and was just beginning to get returns, with a prospect of almost boundless future profits.

Today she has lost every inch of that magnificent domain, save perhaps a remnant of East Africa, from which she is rapidly being expelled. We may expect any day to hear that her last soldier there has been captured, and that the German flag flies over not a foot of ground in all the world outside of Germany, and German embassies and legations in alien but friendly lands. Seldom in the history of the world has so vast an empire been so speedily, so completely, and so irrevocably lost.

Concurrently there has been a comparably great exaltation and confirmation of the British colonial empire. It was within the memory of men still living that Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, said of Canada, Australia and the Cape: "Those wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks." He lived to think better of it. But at a much later date Lord Morley (then Mr. John Morley) took up the same prophecy. When England became involved

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in a serious war, he said, her colonies would refuse men, money, and even sympathy. So, too, Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, predicted the same thing. "I have the implicit conviction," he said, "that if England should ever be engaged in a serious struggle with a Power of strength and means, one of the outcomes would be to detach from her the Australian colonies." We should rather like to hear that repeated now to the Australians who went over and took New Guinea, and to the "Anzacs" who are leading the British battle line at Suez and in France and Flanders!

For the "serious war" has certainly come, the "serious struggle with a Power of strength and means"; and the outcome already is to bind Australia and all the other colonies to Great Britain with bands of brass and triple steel. Practically all this conquest of the German colonial empire has been effected by the British colonial empire. All that Great Britain herself has done has been to hold the high seas, so that Germany could send no succor to her colonies. The British colonials have done the rest. Most notably of all this has been the case in Africa. For the Union of South Africa was the newest and least firmly established of all the great overseas dominions. It was chiefly composed of and was governed by those Boers, of Dutch and French descent, who a few years ago were fighting against Great Britain with a resolution and persistence seldom rivalled in history. The head of the Government was the man who had been chief commander of the Boer army in that war against the British.

Moreover, Great Britain was now involved in war with the Great Power which had been the especial friend of and sympathizer with the Boers in their struggle with her. When Starr Jameson made his mad raid upon Johannesburg, it was the German Emperor who incontinently sent to the Boer President a dispatch of sympathy and encouragement. It is open history that that dispatch was responsible for the subsequent Boer-British war. Down to that time Paul Krüger had been inclined to compromise with Great Britain and to avoid a conflict. But immediately upon the receipt of the Kaiser's message he changed his attitude. Assured, as he thought, of the military support and backing of Germany, he assumed a more defiant and irreconcilable attitude than ever, and rushed into the fatal war with a light and confident heart. And when Germany failed to give him

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the support which he had been led to expect, and when the German Emperor refused to receive him when he went to Europe for aid, he died of a broken heart, believing himself betrayed by the very man who had encouraged him to enter the war.

It is known, indeed, that more or less authoritative encouragement of the Boers to resist Great Britain went far beyond the limits of the Kaiser's dispatch to Krüger. It was suggested, both to Krüger and to Steyn, the President of the Orange Free State, that the Boers should expel the British altogether, from Cape Colony, from Natal, and from Rhodesia, and should make all South Africa a Boer Confederation. It was pointed out to them that it would abut at one side upon German Southwest Africa, and at the other upon German East Africa. With these colonies it would enter into close relations, which would be commercially profitable. Also, it would enjoy the political and military protection of Germany. The ultimate purpose was, no doubt, to merge the Boer States into the German colonial empire. To what extent the Kaiser and his ministers were responsible for these intrigues and suggestions may not now be confidently declared. Certain it is that such notions were widely disseminated among the Boers, and had a decisive effect upon them.

With these antecedent circumstances, it would not have been strange if British statesmen had felt some anxiety concerning the course of the South African Union in the present war. If it was felt, however, it was not expressed; and it was soon made evident that there had been no ground for it. The Boers were as loyal as the British themselves. They were practically a unit for supporting Great Britain in the war, and they would have sent an army to France and Flanders had it not been considered, in England as well as in South Africa, better to send it against the German colonies in Africa. So it was thus sent, and not only sent but personally led, by Louis Botha, the Prime Minister of the Union, who had been the generalissimo of the Boer forces in the war with Great Britain. It is that Boer army of Louis Botha's that has driven the Germans out of Southwest Africa, and is now completing the expulsion of them from East Africa.

These things have been of much significance during the last two years, and they are today. But even greater is

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their significance for the future. We have spoken of Germany's irrevocable loss of her colonies. It is irrevocable, because it has been inflicted upon her by British colonies, and those colonies are going to dictate the terms of peace at the end of the war, at least so far as the disposition of those spoils of war are concerned. To their dictation Great Britain will assent, because she does not purpose to repeat the disastrous blunder which she made in 1763. In the French and Indian War the French were expelled from the American continent by the people of the thirteen British colonies, precisely as the Germans have been expelled from Southwest and East Africa by the British colonies of South Africa. Those colonies, particularly Virginia, expected, of course, to get the Northwest Territory as spoils of war. Why not? They had conquered it, with their own blood and at their own expense. But Great Britain, with monumental injustice and folly, denied it to them, and annexed it to Canada instead. Historians know well that that was one of the chief causes of the Revolutionary War and of the Declaration of Independence.

Great Britain learned the lesson, and she will not now repeat that blunder. She will let her colonies dispose of the former German colonies as they wish; and we may be quite confident that in no case will that disposition involve return of them to Germany. In the utterance which we already quoted, John Morley said that "it would be a happy day for the Peace Society, that should give the Colonies a veto on imperial war." Again, we should enjoy hearing that repeated to Louis Botha and to the heads of Government of Canada and Australia and New Zealand; and their reply. For the sake of peace-at-any-price, it would be better to give Great Britain a veto on the belligerence of the colonies.

So we must reckon all of Germany's colonies irretrievably lost to her, and at the same time the British colonies welded more indissolubly to the United Kingdom. It is such a contrasting tale of two colonial empires as the world has seldom seen approximated.

ARE WE "THE" AMERICANS?

We are Americans. That is indisputable. By that we mean native and naturalized alike—all but the Hyphenates, who are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor yet good red herring.

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But are we "the" Americans, with anything like a monopoly of the name; and are we justified in calling our own country simply "America"? Perhaps the latter question is first to be considered, since in these days the people take their name from the country, rather than the country from the people.

There can be no question as to the official name. It is "The United States of America." That was established by the Declaration of Independence, by the Articles of Confederation, and by the Constitution. (Incidentally, for subsequent consideration, note that it is the United States of "America," and not of "North America.") Beyond doubt that is the name which is to be officially and formally used, in laws, treaties and state papers. But equally beyond doubt it cannot be commonly used, in familiar expression. It would be intolerably cumbersome to do so. Beside, it would be impossible to use such a phrase adjectively, or even in some cases substantively. We could not speak of "the United States of America Navy," or of "a United States of America citizen," but should always have to employ the prepositional form, and speak of "the Navy of the United States of America," and "a citizen of the United States of America."

Obviously, then, for common use we must have some shorter and simpler name. The choice lies between "America" and "The United States," and concerning their comparative merits, propriety, and authenticity there has of late been much public discussion. There has indeed been far more than circumstances warrant, since even cursory consideration unhesitatingly gives preference to the former, and more careful study confirms the choice. No doubt we shall always continue to speak of "The United States." Indeed it is desirable to do so in some cases, particularly in distinguishing between the Nation as a whole and an individual State. We shall and should speak of "the United States Government," and "United States Senators." But this is a term chiefly if not entirely for home use rather than for world-wide use; and even for home use it is not universally applicable. Thus while we may say "I am a United States citizen," we can scarcely say "I am a United Statesman," or "I am a United Stateser." Nobody would dare to use "United States" as the *leit motif* of a national hymn, and not even the most eloquent and impassioned orator could make effective use of it in a patriotic peroration.

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In other respects the term is technically unfitting, because it is not specific in its designation. It does not necessarily denote this country. We are not the only United States. The official name of Brazil is "The United States of Brazil." The official name of Venezuela is "The United States of Venezuela." At least two other countries to the south of us formerly employed the same phrase, and may resume it again. "United States" has no geographical significance whatever, any more than "county" or "city." It is all right for a resident of New York to speak of "living in the city," and for a suburban commuter to speak of "going to the city"; but it would be preposterous—and also presumptuous—to speak of New York simply as "the city" when we were in Chicago or San Francisco. It is not the only city, and this country is not the only United States.

Where "United States" fails, however, "America" serves the purpose. True, there are objections made to our exclusive use of it; chiefly by two classes. First, there are some of our Canadian friends who profess to regard it as cheeky for us to call this "America" and ourselves "Americans," since Canada is just as much "America" as is the United States, and Canadians are thus "Americans" just as much as we. Literally and technically, from a purely geographical point of view, that is indisputably correct. Practically, from other points of view, it is quite unconvincing. The obvious answer to it is that neither the Canadians themselves nor any others ever dream of calling Canada "America" or Canadians "Americans." Least of all would that ever be done by those who raise this objection to our use of the name—who are generally of the type which George Ade had in mind when he wrote of the hero of one of his fables: "He may be English, but he is not sufficiently British to be a Canadian." The Canadian who objects to our calling ourselves Americans would be much offended if anyone were to call him an American. He would immeasurably prefer to be called a Briton.

The other objectors are of our own household, and are those estimable and valuable but generally tedious and often impractical persons known as purists. Their objection has a basis similar to that of the Canadians: namely, that other countries, both north and south of us, are "America," too, and their people are therefore also "Americans." Of course the answer to this indisputable but quite irrelevant fact is the

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same as that already given in the case of Our Lady of the Snows, that none of these other countries or peoples use the name or want to use it or could be prevailed upon to use it. To this we may add one or two special answers to the purist. If he objects to calling this "America," he must also on a like ground object to calling it "The United States." Nay, he must altogether condemn and denounce our official "United States of America," since South America is just as much America as North America is, and therefore Brazil or Venezuela might as properly be called "United States of America" as we; and we should, more correctly, be known as "United States of North America." But even that would not be quite right, for that would imply that this United States embraced the whole of North America, just as "United States of Brazil" means the whole of Brazil, or "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" means the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. We should therefore have to change it to "United States in North America"; though we are not sure that some ultra-purist would not find fault with that.

The use of "America" and "American" is, on the other hand, approved conclusively and convincingly on several authentic grounds. We might mention that of convenience, which in this case is so strong that it alone would justify the usage in the absence of any other. But there are others. There is, for example, the historical ground. The usage is older than the United States itself. Before the Revolution, as well as during that struggle, the Thirteen Colonies were called "America," to distinguish them from Canada and Florida and Louisiana, and their people were called "Americans." Every schoolboy recalls Chatham's famous speech: "My Lords, you cannot conquer America.... If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms!—never! never! never!" Burke and Barre, Fox and Wilkes, and all their colleagues, habitually used the same words in speaking of this country. Nor did we disclaim the usage; on the contrary, we adopted and employed it. "The name of American," said Washington in his Farewell Address, "which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism"; and statesmen and orators and writers who have followed him in time have followed his example.

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There is, too, the ground of practice. We have already referred to the fact that no other country calls itself "America," and that no other people call themselves "Americans," or wish to do so. It is equally true that all the peoples of the world recognize those names as belonging to this country and its people, and never apply them to any other, or interpret them as meaning any other. When a man, in London or in Berlin or in Tokio, proclaims himself to be an American, he is not asked whether he comes from Canada or from Argentina. He is recognized instantly and unhesitatingly as *coming from the United States of North America.* More and more this practice prevails, as the other states on these continents increase in age and importance and thus in attachment to their own local names. No Mexican or Brazilian wishes to lose his specific identity by being called an "American." Applied as at present to this country alone, in a political sense, "America" unfailingly denotes one certain, specific country, and "American" its people. Expanded to apply, in a political and social sense, to all the American continents, the one would denote any of the three dozen separate political entities into which the Americas are divided, and the other any of three dozen different peoples.

Perhaps the matter is not one of supreme and crucial importance to the welfare of the Nation. But since it has been so much brought to the fore, and since "Americanism" is being so much considered, it may be well to make it quite clear that we do not purpose to speak of "United Statesism," nor call ourselves "United Statesmen"; but that we do mean that this country, in a political and social sense, shall be called "America" and its people "Americans"; and that those words shall unfailingy denote nothing other than this country and its inhabitants.

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADMINISTRATION OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS—I

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

NOTHING is so important to the success of a nation in its intercourse with other nations as clearness, firmness, and continuity in the foreign policy of its Government. If foreign policy is to possess these qualities, it must not in any degree be affected by personal or partisan considerations. It must be based solely upon the national interests, with a due sense of the national responsibilities.

So long as a political Administration adheres to this conception of its duty, it deserves the support of every citizen in whatever public action may be necessary. It would be an unworthy and unpatriotic act to weaken the Government in an emergency or to turn a national misfortune to political advantage. There are, however, circumstances that not only justify, but imperatively demand, a critical examination of the course pursued in the conduct of foreign affairs. These circumstances exist when there has been a radical departure from the established policies of the country. If, in addition, there has been a conspicuous failure to defend the rights of the nation or its citizens and to provide for their protection, or to perform the obvious duties of a responsible Government, not merely criticism but public condemnation is demanded. When, however, such aberrations and failures are boldly defended as wise and commendable, and are boasted of as glorious achievements, they become unavoidable political issues, flung into the arena of debate in a manner that renders it impossible to ignore them.

"We challenge comparison of our record," reads the Democratic Platform of 1916, "with those of any party of any time. . . . Our foreign affairs were dominated by commercial interests for their selfish ends. . . . Under

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our Administration, under a leadership that has never faltered, these abuses have been corrected, and our people have been freed therefrom. . . . It has made the honor and the ideals of the United States its standard alike in negotiation and in action."

Passing by the calumnious assertion that, prior to the present Administration, " our foreign affairs were dominated by commercial interests for their selfish ends "—which has for its obvious purpose simply to forestall argument by abuse—in a quite different spirit, and with close attention to demonstrable facts, we shall examine in the course of this review the " record " on which are based the boast of a " leadership that has never faltered," and the pretense that the " honor and the ideals of the United States " have been " the standard of this Administration in negotiation and in action."

When we inquire in what specific negotiations and actions this standard has been applied, we receive the answer: " Well, the President has kept us out of war "; as if such a merely negative incident as being " kept out of war," when no nation has desired to declare war upon us, were a complete fulfillment of the demands made by the honor and ideals of the United States!

Peace, without doubt, is one of our most cherished ideals; but no one will contend that a peace that has not been disturbed by threats is anything to boast about. The fallacy now being thrust upon the country is, that there is no middle ground between the course pursued by the Administration and war. These, it is pretended, were the only alternatives, and between them a choice was necessary. Had it not been for the wisdom of the Administration, we are assured, we should have had war! By whom, we ask, were these alternatives presented? By whom, and when, and how, were we forced to this happy choice?

But, unfortunately, the " record " shows that, upon two separate occasions, neither of which demanded warlike action, the Administration has provoked a dangerous situation, and has committed every act characteristic of war, including the invasion of foreign territory and the destruction of innocent lives, and has subjected our soldiers and sailors to every danger and consequence that war involves. That this unavowed belligerency has been characterized by an extraordinary combination of intrusiveness and timidity, of de-

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ferred decision and untimely action, and has been so hesitating as to make it ineffectual and so fruitless as to render it inglorious, does not in the least degree redeem these vacillations from being in reality acts of war. And if it be a noble service to have kept us out of war, what shall be said of the blunders that have needlessly involved us in it without a benefit?

There is, therefore, no reason why the most considerate and loyal patriot, having always in mind the true interests of his country, should entertain the least scruple about subjecting the Administration's conduct of foreign affairs to a dispassionate review. On the contrary, in consideration of the extreme delicacy of our relations to other Governments at a time like the present, when the whole future of this republic may be compromised by an error, it is of supreme importance that every citizen should satisfy his mind whether or not the national safety, prestige, and honor have been properly maintained, and to consider whether the course pursued deserves a renewal of confidence by the electorate.

Before entering upon a statement of the specific acts of the present Administration at Washington and of the conditions they were intended to meet, it is desirable to consider the attitude of mind, and the preparation for wise and effective action upon international questions, with which the President approached his task.

Having long been a student of political theories and conversant with the history of the United States, about which he had written ably, the President was exceptionally fitted to set a high value upon experience in diplomacy; a fact which might properly have led him to surround himself with men of experience in these matters. On the contrary, making a clean sweep of the higher diplomatic representatives of the United States, soon after his inauguration, and promptly filling their posts (with some notable exceptions), with political supporters, the President selected for the head of the Department of State a statesman whose eligibility for that office was generally recognized as consisting mainly in the fact that the President owed to him his nomination to that office.

As if to make amends for the lack of experience in the conduct of international business on the part of his Secretary of State, the President named as Counsellor of the Depart-

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ment one of the most distinguished international jurists in the country. Had this highly competent authority been placed in responsible charge of the Department, and its decisions left to his judgment, there would, no doubt, have been continuity and consistency in the course pursued; but, for reasons that will presently be stated, the service of this experienced adviser was rendered practically nugatory, except in matters relatively inconsequential; and, after a year of ineffectual effort to serve as a balance-wheel to the erratic energies of his superior officer, this learned and experienced counsellor, finding his advice unacceptable, in despair resigned his office.

In a matter of such vital interest to the country as its foreign relations, it has been felt that the nation should enjoy the benefit of having in its service its best expert talent, and of keeping merely partisan interests and influence remote from the actual work of the Department of State; which should represent the whole country, and not merely the part of it that has won the election. Like the Army and the Navy, the Foreign Office and the Diplomatic Service, when once properly organized should be kept as free as possible from purely partisan influence. It is discouraging, therefore, to read in the learned history of *America's Foreign Relations,* by Professor Willis Fletcher Johnson, an entirely non-partisan work, that with the advent of the present Administration, a change, " lamentable in character and some of its results, was the restoration of the partisan spoils system in the diplomatic and consular service. For a number of years," this writer continues, " the civil service merit system had been increasingly applied to those departments. Men were promoted from place to place in accordance with their deserts, and were retained in the service without regard to political affiliations. But under Wilson and Bryan all that was changed. Some of the most expert and valuable diplomats of ambassadorial and ministerial rank were curtly dismissed to make room for inexperienced men who had been politically useful to the incoming Administration. In some minor yet highly important places, especially in Latin-America, this process was carried to a scandalous extreme. The Secretary of State actually sent out a request to be informed of places to which ' deserving ' members of his own party might be appointed; ' deserving ' having reference only to their partisan and factional labors in pro-

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moting his political interests. In at least one conspicuous case this process resulted in the appointment of a man so grossly unfit as to give rise to an international scandal."

There was, however, another radical change brought in by the new Secretary of State, which has received less comment, but has even more vitally affected the interests of the nation and its prestige as an international influence than the one already mentioned.

Secretary Bryan came to his office with the consciousness that much distinction had been already won, and was yet to be acquired, by the advocacy of universal peace. Twice the Nobel Prize had been awarded to distinguished citizens of the United States for their efforts in this direction. Great and powerful organizations had been formed for the promotion of peace, and President Taft had received much commendation for his efforts to advance the cause of the judicial settlement of international disputes, but without compromising the dignity and prestige of the United States.

With a noble infatuation, the new Secretary resolved to outdo all his predecessors. They had advocated courts of justice. He would apply a scheme that would make war impossible. No matter what circumstances might arise, the United States should never meet them with armed resistance. He would create a new era in human history. He would demonstrate that all men belong to one great fraternity, in which brotherly love should dominate over all selfish passions. To accomplish this, only one thing, he thought, was necessary: namely, that some one nation, great in area, wealth, and population, should announce to the world that it was not only perfectly harmless, but was willing, temporarily at least, to endure injury, insult, humiliation and even contempt, if thereby it could convince the world that the total abandonment of armed resistance and foreign aggression was possible to a great and powerful nation. This conspicuous example once placed before the world, every civilized nation, in admiration of such noble conduct, would for very shame mend its morals and manners, and thus produce a universal reign of peace!

By nature an intuitionist, the Secretary considered all this entirely practicable. No one, it appeared, had ever treated international affairs in a strictly generous and neighborly way. He would try it. The "people" everywhere, he believed, would like and approve it. It would be

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original, even revolutionary; but so much the better. The Secretary, who had been considered the oracle of his party, was in need of a new watchword. "Free silver" had been repudiated. "Imperialism" had not been taken seriously. "Public ownership of railroads" had received little sympathy from his own party. "Predatory wealth" had not carried him to the Presidency. But "Universal Peace"—that was a sentiment to conjure with!

With little comprehension of the real aims, methods, and ambitions of foreign Governments, and utterly oblivious of the deep antagonisms that were at that very moment brewing the stupendous conflict that has since shaken the whole of civilization to its foundations, Secretary Bryan felt no need of explicit information, and most certainly derived none from the outposts of our foreign service, for a long time wholly absorbed in the details of seeking domiciles in foreign lands, into whose purposes of state they had not penetrated. With a feeling that most Governments were too plutocratic really to represent the "people," he placed his reliance upon the power and disposition of the masses of mankind to overrule mere absolute authority. Taking as his standard the intelligent, independent, and well instructed masses of our American citizenship, he believed all "peoples" to be like them. Their Governments might, perhaps, be warlike, ambitious, and dangerous; but he intended to have the "peoples"—whom he regarded as just, generous, and really devoted to peace—clearly understand that it was with them, and not their rulers, that he desired to deal.

It was a noble aspiration, and does credit to the Secretary's private feelings; but the error was to suppose that private feelings are the materials of which public policies may be made.

Consistently with his theory of the perversity of rulers and the virtue of the ruled, he felt a lofty scorn of all official rules and precedents, and resolved to sweep aside not only all impediments of form and ceremony, but all conventional customs and legal precedents as well, and to deal with nations as he would with his kindly neighbors, believing that, like them, all foreign "peoples" were really good at heart, and would be equally ready to make everything over on a new pattern to be prescribed by him.

Personally, the diplomats all liked Secretary Bryan, as every one does who personally knows his kindly optimism;

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but no one at first took him quite seriously. Then it was perceived that, by yielding to his one supreme wish to become the hero of universal peace, all minor matters could be easily disposed of; and, as no one stood in fear of aggression by the United States, there was on the part of other nations no obstacle to embracing an opportunity for exercising a free hand in any direction they chose, with the assurance that the American Government, committed to a policy of inaction and postponement, would in no way interfere with whatever plans and purposes they might have in mind.

It would be incredible, if the facts did not compel the admission of it, that the appointed guardian of the interests and honor of a great nation in its world relations should so far forget the fiduciary character of his position as to believe himself entitled to substitute for settled public policies his own fantasies regarding international relations, and to leave practically out of consideration the responsibility of the nation for the maintenance of existing international law, the right of the nation to equal treatment everywhere, and of all citizens to the protection of their legal rights. What, for example, would be thought of a policeman whose idea of his duty permitted him publicly to announce that on his beat no one would be arrested and no one sent to jail? But this was precisely what Secretary Bryan did. He informed his colleague, the Secretary of the Navy, it was reported, that there would be no need to increase the number of ships in the United States Navy, or ever to use those already in existence; for, while he remained in charge of foreign affairs, there would be no war with any nation!

As all his subsequent conduct shows, Secretary Bryan was most earnest and sincere in making this statement, and was, no doubt, proud to have his intention published at home and abroad.

He was promptly taken at his word, and with equal promptitude he proceeded to carry his theory into execution. The previously existing arbitration treaties, which contained a reservation of questions involving the "independence, vital interests, and honor" of the country, the Secretary found insufficient; for the defense of these might sometime lead to armed conflict, to which he was totally opposed. He, therefore, at once began negotiations with more than thirty Powers, great and small, binding the United States to com-

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plete passivity in all circumstances for one year, until a mixed commission had decided whether or not a violated right might be enforced, or a wrong prevented; thus giving to great foreign Powers an opportunity to inflict upon us an irreparable injury, and to small ones a way to escape punishment by subsequent apology or change of Government, in abeyance of our right to take preventive measures at the proper time.

The result of these treaties was that the United States was solemnly pledged, upon its honor, not to resent actively any insult, injury, or humiliation that any one of the adherents to this agreement might for any reason offer, and to rest content with making only a verbal protest until an entire year had elapsed. These treaties made no provision with regard to alliances between the other signatories contemplating possible united action which might involve the interests of the United States. They offered to the United States no immunities or exemptions in case, as a neutral Power, it should be exposed to injury resulting from their mutual quarrels; and the co-signatories made no such agreements with one another as the United States made with them. In effect, therefore, the Bryan treaties simply eliminated from the thoughts and plans of Governments, hitherto restrained by consideration of what action the United States might take, all concern regarding the views or purposes of the Administration at Washington—which, they were assured, would do nothing. And this assurance was perfectly well founded. There was a complete commitment of the United States to a passive policy, regardless of conditions, leaving all the adherents to these treaties free to do to one another, or with one another, and against the interests of this country, whatever they pleased.

Even the moral and advisory influence of the United States was thus seriously impaired; for, with the certainty that immediate action by our Government was out of the question, the advice of the United States no longer possessed any international value. It could not, under the new treaties, employ its military resources, such as they were, even to defend its own rights or those of its citizens until a year of discussion had ended.

The mistake in urging these engagements, by which the United States ceased to be an active agent in international affairs, was not, of course, in the earnest aspiration for uni-

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versal peace; but in proclaiming and pledging the passivity of this country at a time when nearly the whole world was about to be involved in war, and when the influence of a nation depended wholly upon a belief in its firm determination to defend its own interests and stand fearlessly for its own principles. It is incredible that any well-informed person could have imagined that such a scheme as that put forth by the Secretary of State could be made universal; or that it would be adopted by any of the Great Powers, not in formal alliance, as between themselves; and the effect has been just what might have been foreseen. It was an act of self-effacement on the part of a great nation in the midst of a world conflict; in which there was no need that it should participate, but which a valiant and self-reliant nation of the magnitude and former prestige of the United States might have influenced in important ways, had it not previously and voluntarily exposed itself to the complete neglect of other nations. Such a Power as the American Republic has in the past sometimes shown itself to be, might have made itself the effective guardian of neutral rights, which have been violated in every manner conceivable. But, knowing beforehand that the United States, whatever happened, would positively take no action, the merely formal protests of our Government have been treated with inattention, and sometimes with open and continued defiance.

One historian has presented this situation even more emphatically than this. "Amidst this unprecedented profusion of irenic efforts," he says, "and probably in part because of them and as a counterblast against them, preparations for the world's greatest war were at first furtively and then openly pushed to completion." Certain it is that, when this conflict began, no trouble was taken to inquire what the position of the United States would be regarding it; and some time before that, several European Powers that had uniformly waited for the action of the Government of the United States before making a decision, openly and unitedly recognized a Mexican Government which President Wilson peremptorily refused to recognize. Before the Administration was a year old, it was evident that the prestige of this Government, which previously had taken the initiative in great world crises, and had been able to promote peace between Great Powers, no longer existed. Ineffectual in its own sphere of influence, as it soon showed itself to be, it had

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already become in the Eastern Hemisphere a completely negligible quantity.

What, in these conditions, was to become of the traditional primacy of the United States—as the oldest, largest, and most powerful of the American republics—in affairs primarily American?

In 1913, Salvador, Guatemala, Panama, Honduras, and Nicaragua; and in 1914, Bolivia, Costa Rica, Santo Domingo, Venezuela, Peru, Uruguay, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, and Ecuador, in the order named, were co-signatories with the United States of the treaty providing that all disputes between each of them and the United States, "of every nature whatsoever," should be referred to an International Commission, in which these republics had equal representation; and that no action in any case should be taken for one year.

In this engagement there was no condition named regarding a change of Government; the assumption being that national entity is always persistent, and that the parties bound by this contract are the *de facto* Governments of these republics, whatever they may be. Upon no other assumption could these treaties possess any value or lead to any consequences.

The effect of this agreement theoretically, was, of course, to end the tradition of primacy on the part of the United States, and to place all these American republics absolutely on an equal footing, regardless of their form of political organization, their governmental changes, or their responsibility for their conduct. Practically, however, as an older and more responsible member in this family of states, the tradition of the primacy of the United States could not be wholly ignored; for Europe, debarred by the Monroe Doctrine from meddling with American affairs, held the United States in some degree responsible for law and order in this hemisphere; and it was certain that, as soon as the regulative influence of this Government was wholly withdrawn, that of European nations would take its place.

This obvious fact did not, of course, escape the attention of the present Administration; but its doctrine of passive endurance removed the possibility of effective action, and left the field open for a merely pedagogical intervention, laying down the rules that good republics were expected to obey,

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with an intimation that bad ones would be held in disrepute, but overlooking the fact that the Secretary of State had sequestered the rod behind the teacher's desk.

An occasion for the first lesson was the condition of Mexico. The Madero Government, established in 1911, had been confronted with revolt in 1912, and early in 1913 had been overthrown by a counter-revolution. In February of that year, General Victoriano Huerta, one of the ablest of the Mexican generals, having possession of the City of Mexico, Vera Cruz, and a considerable portion of territory, was endeavoring to pacify the country, which contained 6,000,000 Indians, 6,000,000 half-breeds, and about 3,000,000 white men, of whom only about 1,500,000 could read and write, scattered over 2,000,000 square miles, with an average of less than twenty persons to the square mile.

This situation at the close of President Taft's Administration had caused grave concern in the United States. Would Huerta, who had superseded Madero in authority in Mexico, be able to subdue the anarchy of the country, or would it continue? And if it did continue, how would it be possible to prevent American soil from being used as a base of supplies for a chronic revolution? That was a problem that President Taft had been compelled to face, and he had solved it by asking Congress to give him power to suspend the exportation of arms and munitions to any American country that might be employing them for domestic violence. This power was accorded to him and exercised by him, the Huerta control was making rapid progress, and European countries, confident of his success, were supplying him with financial aid; when, on February 23, 1913, only nine days before the expiration of President Taft's term of office, Madero, who had already resigned the Presidency, was shot and killed while a prisoner of state in the City of Mexico.

That the entire Mexican situation was an inheritance from President Taft's Administration, and that President Wilson merely followed his example in the treatment of it, has been repeatedly asserted, with the inference that all responsibility for trouble in Mexico must be attributed to the previous Administration. It is true that President Taft had not recognized the Huerta Government, but it is also true that he had not committed this country to a policy of absolute non-recognition. Without embarrassing his successor in the closing days of his Presidency, he left the question to be de-

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cided in the light of Huerta's future attitude and behavior toward the United States, and his *de facto* power and disposition to perform the duties of a responsible Government.

The new Administration pursued an entirely different course. Assuming without conclusive evidence that Huerta was personally responsible for Madero's death,—a conclusion which Huerta himself denounced as a malicious accusation, and of which the American Ambassador to Mexico, the Honorable Henry Lane Wilson, who had spent many years of service in Spanish-American countries, expresses strong doubts,—it not only resolved never, under any circumstances, to recognize a Government of which Huerta was the head, even though he were elected to the Presidency by the Mexican people, but to overthrow and destroy his authority, and supersede it by the organization of a new Government in harmony with Mr. Wilson's own conception of what a truly constitutional Government should be. In this unprecedented course, the action was not only in strong contrast with that of President Taft, who refused in any way to meddle with the internal affairs of Mexico, but a complete innovation upon the traditional policy of the United States: which had uniformly been to leave every independent country free to form and accept such a Government as it is able to sustain, and to hold that Government responsible for the protection of American life and property within its borders, and liable to the payment of indemnity for a failure to protect them.

Whatever his private character may have been,—and it is no concern of ours what it was,—General Huerta indisputably was, and was declared by competent authorities to be, the head of a *de facto* Government having its seat in the City of Mexico. Not only so, but his was the only responsible authority to which an appeal for justice could be made in that republic.

In laying down the novel and dangerous doctrine that he would not recognize any Government in Mexico unless it was *de jure* according to his own standard of constitutionality, the President made himself the arbiter of a people's destiny; and, instead of aiding them in the support of a Government such as they were able to possess, he decreed that they should be subject to continued anarchy until they could evolve out of social chaos a form of Government which he could sanction, to be placed in the hands of men whose private characters he could personally approve.

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To carry out such an unprecedented programme, unusual means must be adopted; for the ordinary machinery of diplomacy is ill adapted to such an enterprise. Determined to overthrow Huerta, who was protecting American lives and property, the President, preferring advice from less responsible sources, at first ignored and then recalled the American Ambassador; and, although still maintaining diplomatic relations through a Chargé d'Affaires, began privately to inquire, through insurgent Mexicans, as to who in Mexico could best carry out his purpose to destroy Huerta's Government and establish one to his own liking.

Selecting as his "personal spokesman and representative" in Mexico the Honorable John Lind,—a statesman of Scandinavian origin unfamiliar with the laws, language, and people of that country,—the President instructed him to inform General Huerta that fighting in Mexico must cease; that he must promptly abdicate; that he must pledge himself not to be a candidate for the Presidency of Mexico; that a constitutional election must be held; and that a Government thus constituted, and none other, would be recognized by the United States.

So far as Huerta was concerned, this mission was utterly futile; and Lind, finding his orders disregarded, soon retired to a cloistered retreat at Vera Cruz, where he could hold parley with discontented Mexicans, by whom he soon became convinced that there were influences at work in Mexico which, if fostered and encouraged by the United States, could make serious trouble for Huerta. In the meantime, the latter's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Senor Gamboa, in a strictly diplomatic and highly dignified note, replied, that President Wilson had entirely misconceived the situation; that General Huerta's position as "Provisional President" was strictly in accordance with the laws and Constitution of Mexico; that of the 27 States, 3 Territories, and 1 Federal District composing the Republic, the Government had 18 States, the 3 Territories, and the Federal District under absolute control, with an army of 80,000 men in the field to pacify the other States; that it was practically impossible to stop hostilities in that country so long as rebels secretly obtained arms from the United States (as they were said then to be doing); that the opposition to Huerta was of a wholly unwarranted character; and that the question of the Presidency must be decided at the polls by the Mexican people at

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their next election. In reply, Lind was instructed to repeat the demand for a constitutional election, at which Huerta must not be a candidate; adding that, if these conditions were complied with, a loan of money would be supplied by the United States. Gamboa indignantly spurned this type of "dollar diplomacy" as a virtual attempt at bribery; Lind remained at Vera Cruz, to watch the effect of his deliverances; the Chargé d'Affaires continued to reinforce them at the City of Mexico, where he was most kindly treated by Huerta; and, on August 27, 1913, President Wilson announced at Washington, to an acquiescent but somewhat disquieted Congress, his conviction that Huerta should be compelled to retire from authority in Mexico and some other person be selected for the Presidency of that country.

Perceiving that, without the employment of armed force, directly or indirectly, his recommendations were nugatory, he then instituted a system of secret diplomacy unparalleled in history since Louis XV; sending his private agents, responsible to himself alone, into Mexico to ascertain which one of the several rebel leaders would be most effective in overpowering Huerta, and most amenable to his purpose in constituting a new Government for Mexico. In the meantime, six Great Powers had recognized the Huerta Government, and their citizens were taking its securities.

Although the bandit Francisco Villa, at that time well known in Mexico as a professional brigand, and later furnishing the occasion for an invasion of Mexico by an army of the United States,—in preference to Carranza, Zapata, and the others,—was favored by the secret agents as the most auspicious candidate for the political regeneration of Mexico, no effort was made to discourage any of the other insurgent elements, on the principle that the first necessity was to destroy Huerta; yet, at that time, the only safe place for American residents in Mexico was within Huerta's jurisdiction; and wherever his authority was effective, as in the City of Mexico, their persons and their property were as safe as in New York.

As a result of the secret conferences of his agents in the insurgent camps, the President, on December 2, 1913, officially announced to Congress his policy of "watchful waiting"; that is, of waiting to see which of the insurgent forces would succeed in destroying Huerta's Government. On February 3, 1914, in order to facilitate this operation, he officially re-

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moved the embargo on the shipment of arms and munitions to Mexico, thus completely reversing the policy of President Taft; and any group of marauders was at liberty to equip itself for the successful looting of the country. Villa was enabled to gather to his standard a large and well furnished army; and, four months after "watchful waiting" was announced, on April 2, 1914, after eleven days of hard fighting, this bandit had captured from the Federal troops the important town of Torreon.

In the meantime, evidence was pouring into the Department of State showing that in the zone of insurgent activity American citizens, unable to obey the Department's injunction to escape from the country, were being robbed and killed and their women violated, in their houses or on the way to the United States; that churches were being desecrated, priests assassinated, and nuns outraged. Upon protestation by a Catholic clergyman that these abominations were the work of the followers of Carranza and Villa, our Secretary of State is said to have retorted, as if in extenuation, that he was informed that the followers of Huerta had committed similar outrages on two American women from Iowa; but he did not say what action had been taken by the Department in that case.

Does the correspondence with the Huerta Government show that indemnity for such outrages was ever demanded? There is no sign in the instructions to Lind that any American interests were to be protected. On the contrary, the instructions read, that he is "to give every possible evidence that we act *in the interest of Mexico alone,* and not in the interest of any person or body of persons who may have personal or property claims in Mexico." There is no published complaint regarding the exposure of life or property within Huerta's jurisdiction.

Repeatedly the Senate has asked for the reports of outrages committed upon American citizens in Mexico and for the correspondence with the Huerta Government, but these requests have been declined as "incompatible with the interests of the United States." Although the exchange of notes with European Governments has been followed by their prompt publication, only a few isolated communications between the United States and Mexico have been published in any form. The private correspondence of the secret agents has never been open even to Congressional inspection. From

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other sources, however, we know that Lind was obsessed with the idea that the crux of the Mexican problem was the Anglo-American relations; and that the way to solve it was by the removal of the embargo on arms, thus enabling the insurgents to destroy Huerta's Government, and then to recognize the one that would best please the Government of the United States, Villa being at that time the most promising candidate for that distinction.

That there was united opposition to the President's course in Mexico on the part of the Great Powers, there is no doubt. All were amazed at it, and to some extent resented it. It was not the non-recognition of Huerta's Government, but the attack upon him, which they deplored. They knew that the overthrow of Huerta meant a long period of anarchy in Mexico, unless the United States intervened with overwhelming force to prevent it. That ultimate American occupation was the real underlying purpose was suspected; and, of course, not desired. Still, if nothing was meant but the destruction of an existing Government, with no intention of constructing another, except by the slow, devastating process of Mexican insurgency, what was to become of foreign interests in Mexico?

Were there, then, actual combinations by the European Powers to sustain Huerta, and defeat the Government of the United States? Their archives will some day answer this question. We know that in November, 1913, the *Multicolor*, an illustrated newspaper published in the City of Mexico, brought out a cartoon in which England, Germany, and France were represented as painting the White House green,—the expression "to paint green" being a Spanish idiom for insult and vituperation.

In January and February, 1914, there were other indications of strained relations. When, therefore, on March 5, 1914,—just a year after he had entered actively upon his office,—the President read to Congress, as out of the blue sky, an imperative message, couched in language so extraordinary and so mysterious as to arouse the curiosity of the whole country, it was felt that the nation was facing a crisis, the more portentous because its true nature was in no way explained.

In this message the President demanded the immediate repeal of a clause in the Panama Canal Act, of August 24, 1912, providing for the exemption of tolls for our coastwise

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vessels—legislation which his own party platform had specifically approved, and which he himself had personally supported. It had been argued that, in passing from New York to San Francisco, an American coasting vessel was virtually merely skirting the shores of the United States, notwithstanding the fact that its course enveloped the whole of Mexico; but other Powers had interests in Mexico. Was there a united protest filed in Washington regarding exclusive jurisdiction over the Panama Canal as an American possession? It is not intended here to discuss this subject. But we cannot overlook the dramatic form of the President's urgency. "Without raising the question whether we were right or wrong," on the ground that foreign nations took a view of it different from our own, he declared: "I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the Administration. I shall not know how to deal with *other matters* of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure."

Who could deny to the President a request thus urged? Who could refuse, however much puzzled, to come to the rescue of the Administration's foreign policy, so soon menaced with possible disaster? But what necessity made this rescue so imperative? The archives may some day answer. Perhaps the President was merely frightened. In any case, we are left to wonder what could be of "greater delicacy and nearer consequence" than the performance of an international duty, if that were the sole cause for action; unless it might be a national right, if that also was to be considered? And if it was merely a question of right or of duty, why not submit it to judicial determination, and thus forever dispose of it in a legal manner? But a crisis in foreign policy, that required immediate retreat! Who exacted it? For what purpose was it exacted? What permission, otherwise to be withheld, was to be obtained for it? The country has not been informed. Perhaps the immediately subsequent action of the Government at Washington may throw some light upon it.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

(To be concluded)

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THE MYSTERY OF WOODROW WILSON

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I

ONCE upon a time, and not so long ago, there was a Governor whose heart fairly ached for democracy. To all the world his door stood ajar. Rich and poor, contented and discontented, the powerful and weak, the prosperous and oppressed, came and stood upon his threshold, beholding freely who was within. However lowly, the suppliant found his way to the side of the all-powerful to state his hopes, to plead his case. Within this council-chamber men planned by day and by night to unbind a pinioned democracy, and always the Governor showed the way to rout special privilege, to check injustice, to right wrong, that the people should more and more come into their own. When he left this room the Governor gladly went forth among those who had sent him there; "to them," he said, "I must account," to them he averred he had no higher aims than to draw the bone and sinew of the Commonwealth into its councils, and himself to reflect their views. So to his aid there flocked men of all kinds, among them those who had stood aloof from politics as from something unclean. These gave of their hearts, of their enthusiasms new-born, of their unselfish selves, of their means and their precious time, thanking the heavens for this prophet of the people, who, Allah be praised, was not one of those to pretend friendship merely to profit by men's votes.

So the praise of this Governor spread throughout the nation, and soon from beyond the limits of his State men appeared before him to say: "You shall lead us all; we, too, would taste of the New Freedom." And the champion of democracy said: "I shall serve as you will"; so that the day came when he took his place in the very topmost seats

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of the mighty, and men everywhere rejoiced that here was no friend of the unrighteously great, but of the just and the righteous, one whose thoughts and acts would be known of all men. Did he not dwell and work in the open? Could not the humblest present their own petitions? Was it not familiar to all with whom he labored?

II

There are many mysteries connected with Woodrow Wilson. For the explanation of some, we must surely await the historian and psychologist of the future with access to letters and diaries, documents and State papers now sealed or marked "confidential." But the greatest mystery of all is the transformation which came over this man the day he became President and was no longer Governor. When he closed the door of his office in Trenton, he locked and left within Woodrow Wilson the accessible tribune of the people, and from that day became Woodrow Wilson the least accessible and most secluded of all our Presidents. It was not merely that he was oppressed by the magnitude of his new task; not that the office of President has grown enormously in routine duties since the days of the last Democratic President; not that a private bereavement soon bore him down; not that a physical strength none too great must be husbanded, nor even that problems of State almost unparalleled in their gravity and import took their toll of hours for waking and for sleeping. These all had their influence, but at bottom it was the policy that was changed; his own relationship to this new office was controlled by a different theory from that which ruled at Trenton.

Thus, he no longer worked in any degree in the open; he sought council of fewer and fewer; his door no longer stood ajar; even his Cabinet knew him not for days and weeks at a time, becoming often a mere chorus of ratification. Visitors and volunteer advisers were no longer welcome—more than that, they were under suspicion of some ulterior motive. The burden of proof that they were not secretly in the pay of the magnates of Wall Street rested upon them. Notably has this been the case with those having knowledge of Mexico. To have capital invested in that country is as effective a disbarment from the Presidential ear as to be doing business in Wall Street itself. Our leading financiers have

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been denied a hearing—to their complete puzzlement. "We do not want to grind axes, we do not want to ask anything. We merely wish to have the same right as the labor leaders to present to the President our point of view," they said. In vain. Wilson must be beyond suspicion. He will not stoop to smuggle captains of industry into the White House by the back-door as Mr. Roosevelt and, on occasion, as Mr. Taft did. They are beyond the pale and must be kept there. More than that, the President in a recent speech has made it clear that success in business puts one without the Presidential ken. For in that address he stated that he did not care to hear from men who had done well under present conditions; that when he wished to get a real insight into conditions he wanted to hear from the little fellows who were bucking the tide and the currents that make against success.

But there are still other tests employed to keep men and women out of the White House. Can they interest the Presidential mind? Have they anything to give to one who communes so freely with himself and works out such vital problems of State on his little typewriter? If not, they may cool their heels in Mr. Tumulty's outer office as long as they please. It availeth them not. Some of the strongest and most loyal supporters of Mr. Wilson have been denied a word with him, and the sole explanation is the Presidential theory that they had nothing to give him. Here we have considerable light on much that is puzzling. The President seems never to ask what *he can do for others*, particularly for those who have worked for him with complete and devoted enthusiasm. Their homage is accepted; but it never occurs to Mr. Wilson that there might be a reciprocal obligation. He never realizes how much a friendly handclasp, a pat on the back, a word of whole-hearted praise would do for one laboring by day and by night in his service or that of the party. So he has been a stranger even to his own lieutenants.

On going to Washington in May, 1915, I met an official of high position in one of the departments, in whose hands were matters of the utmost moment. His confidential reports would profoundly have affected the whole country had they seen the light of the day. They were constantly placed upon the President's desk. Yet I found that this official had never seen the President except to shake hands with him in the line-up at an official reception. Had the President but once

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sent for him and merely said: "You are doing splendid work; I appreciate it more than I can say, and I am proud to have you in my Administration," he would not only have bestowed a just reward on a deserving official, he would have made happy a devoted personal follower, and what is more important, he would have stimulated to even better efforts a highly important officer of the Government. This is not an exceptional case. It is characteristic; and it is the more extraordinary because Woodrow Wilson was once a football coach, in which position the value of team-play is certainly not underestimated. Dozens of similar cases could be cited. Even diplomatic officers returning from positions on some of our international "fronts" with first-hand information have been thunderstruck to find that their opinions were neither sought nor desired by the White House.

Take the case of the Federal Reserve Board. The creation of the system of which it is the head is one of the very great constructive achievements of the Wilson Administration. A year after its appointment its members had never met the President save at an official reception to which they were not even invited until the attention of some White House functionary was called to the presence in Washington of this highly important new board. It never occurred to the President to send for them in order to talk over their work, to stimulate them with his own personal interest, to learn of their problems and perplexities at first hand. So they began and carried on their duties without any personal contact with the man who appointed them and to whom they were responsible. Toward members of Congress his attitude is similar, save that these gentlemen are sent for when the President wants them to do something for him—to put through some legislation or to cease in their opposition to something which the President in his closet has decided that the party must do before the election.

One of the President's warmest supporters tells an amusing story of a fellow-Congressman who came to him two years after the President's inauguration to ask him to get an appointment with Mr. Wilson. The man approached said: "Why, all you have to do is to go to Tumulty and tell him you want to see the President and he will fix you up." "Nothing doing," was the reply. "I have tried that half-a-dozen times. Tumulty promises, but nothing happens. Now you see I have got to go back home for several weeks. All

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the folks home will be asking me: 'Well, Abner, how does the President talk to you about this German business when he sees you?' So far I have bluffed them. But if they should get on to the fact that I've never seen Wilson to speak to him it would end my chance of re-election, for they would be saying: 'If Abner ain't never seen the President there is sure something wrong with Abner that the President knows about!'" Being completely self-sufficient, it never occurs to Mr. Wilson that a word of instruction or inspiration or praise or just a bit of human interest in them would mean much to appointive officials, or that elective ones might suffer innocently because of his complete indifference to them until they became pawns in his game.

It must be said in Mr. Wilson's favor that he plays no favorites beyond one or two intimates. Men who expended large sums for him in 1912, who nearly worked their heads off for him in New Jersey, have all experienced equality of treatment at his hands. The Jerseymen have not, it must be admitted, always appreciated this, but that is merely because they, too, are a little bit puzzled by the mystery of the President's transformation. They have found it hard to understand that the old cordial relationships of New Jersey could not be maintained with dignity in Washington; that they must wait for weeks, perhaps, for an appointment, and that the Woodrow Wilson they knew did not leave Trenton. Rank and power Mr. Wilson certainly does not bend the knee to, whatever other Presidents may have done. The Democratic chairman of one of our greatest States, on reporting his presence in Washington to the White House, was once asked to wait over until the next day to see the President. He did so at some personal inconvenience—and found himself in the Tuesday morning public line-up, behind the Grand Army man who lost a leg at Shiloh and in front of the nonagenarian who has voted "for every President since Tyler, sir." The President said: "How do you do, I hope you're well," to the Chairman with just the same cordiality and warmth with which he greeted the veteran and the veteran voter—whereupon the chairman took the train home, wondering why he had been asked to sacrifice those twenty-four hours.

Sometimes, however, the President's refusal of himself to others has more important results. Thus there was a Governor once, who, being in Washington, thought to avail him-

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self of the time-honored gubernatorial privilege of seeing and talking with the Chief Magistrate as to the state of the Union. At first it seemed as if his quest would be successful. Then something happened in the inner office. Was it the question: "What has he to give me?" Possibly. At any rate the Governor went his way without a glimpse of the head of the nation. I have always wondered whether the Governor did not remember this happening when, a few weeks later, the President was asking this selfsame official to spare the life of a convict of international interest, only to have his request refused. The Cabinet, as already indicated, does not come in for many special privileges. There are, of course, wicked persons to suggest that there are some members of his Cabinet even a President ought to be forgiven for ignoring. But it is a fact that some of his ablest ministers have known him only in so far as the routine of their offices demanded his attention. One of the strongest assured me that he had never been asked for an opinion in three years save at Cabinet meetings—not even during the *Lusitania* crisis was he asked to an informal consultation, or invited to give his views.

In his handling of the *Lusitania* crisis we can see clearly the theory of the office of President maintained by the author of *Congressional Government* and *Constitutional Government in the United States*. The writer of this article believes that Mr. Wilson laid the country under a lasting obligation by his successful handling of that situation, and that history will accord a high place to the extraordinary series of *Lusitania* notes about which it is now the fashion to sneer. But even an admirer of this fine statesmanship may look with uneasiness upon a policy by which in so great a crisis the way out is found in almost solitary communion. Mr. Wilson held no Cabinet meetings at that grave time save to lay before his Constitutional advisers for their approval the fruits of his mediation. In between whiles he scarcely saw them—not even the Secretary of State. Some telephoned to him; others wrote him letters carefully considered, with drafts enclosed of the replies they would advise. At the time of the first note the popular unrest over this evident failure to take counsel led the White House *entourage* to dwell strongly upon all the evidence of contact between the President and his advisers. But that was offset when Mr. Wilson, in the midst of the crisis, went to Cornish and secluded himself absolutely for

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twenty-five days—a Presidential happening one must go far back in our history to parallel, if it can be paralleled at all. During this entire time no visitor crossed the threshold to discuss public affairs.

Out of all this, comes the patent fact that Wilson government is one-man government, of a different type from the Roosevelt brand, but none the less government by an individual to a most unusual extent. It is not party leadership, but party dictatorship.

If any one doubts this, let him recall how the Democratic party has been committed by Mr. Wilson personally to various new policies. Until he swung the Democratic party to advocacy of a large army and navy, to the government by protectorate of Hayti and San Domingo, to the purchase of the Danish West Indies, the Democratic party had always been the anti-imperialistic party, as shown by its record on the Philippines and by its consistent opposition to large military forces. When Mr. Wilson decided, for political reasons, that the time had come in 1915 to reverse his position of December, 1914, in regard to "preparedness," he neither took a vote of his Cabinet nor of the party leaders as to whether the historic party policy should be changed. It is also characteristic that at this time he refused to receive a group of citizens, composed chiefly of his supporters, who wished to urge him not to change his position. Now whether one approves of the change or not, whether "preparedness" is wise or foolish, it is obvious that this kind of leadership is not responsible party leadership, nor does it seem wholly compatible with the theory that the President is merely in office to find out what is the people's will—which is Mr. Wilson's opinion so frequently expressed. Similarly, his changes of base in the matter of the Trade Commission, of woman suffrage, a child-labor law, and the tariff itself—to mention only a few of his complete reversals of policy—were made by Mr. Wilson himself without party consultation. The question has not been: Ought the Democracy to confess that it has been wrong heretofore, and that after careful deliberation it had decided to take the back track; but, apparently, whether, in the view of Mr. Wilson and his immediate following, more votes were to be gained from Progressives or Republicans by stealing these or those particular clothes from the enemy. In other words, the President's policy appears to be purely opportunist as well as purely individual in its initi-

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ative. As a result, members of Congress have actually been afraid to utter the usual campaign speeches in Congress during the last few months for the familiar circulation in the fall (under frank) at home, lest the President in his bedchamber change the party policy overnight, and thus leave them advocating something the President had discarded in the name of Democracy and democracy. It is a far cry from the day when Grover Cleveland, on being told that his advocacy of a tariff for revenue only would make certain his defeat, assured the party leaders that he preferred defeat if need be. What a glorious and how unheeded a lesson!

The mystery of the change in Mr. Wilson is intensified by his treatment of the Washington newspaper men. The first day upon which he greeted them as a body they were to be his bosom friends. Did they not have unequalled opportunities for telling him how their home-constituencies—by whose will he was to be ruled—were thinking? Would they not be his wireless antennæ recording for him the throbbings of the political ether? Unfortunately these unofficial ambassadors of the plain people had a habit of asking searching questions —there are some pestiferous Republicans among them— which were not welcome to the man who, obviously ill at ease, stood by his desk, flanked by a stenographer and two secretaries, to parry those questions as best he might. Soon there were subjects about which the correspondents were forbidden to ask any questions—for State reasons. Next, the conferences became irregular, and finally they ceased altogether in July, 1915. The last one was held on the day of the acceptance of Mr. Bryan's resignation, when a group of puzzled correspondents endeavored in vain to ascertain whether it was a Cabinet resignation which was holding up the then-pending note to Germany.

It is now reported that in deference to political exigencies and to the urging of Vance McCormick these conferences are to be resumed. Nothing can make them a success, for the element of mutual trust and cordial friendship is lacking. Who shall explain the mystery of this change in attitude as contrasted with that which existed in Trenton? To the correspondents who then worked with him, writes one of them,—David Lawrence, in *The Independent*,—Gov. Wilson "was friendly and intimate. He joked and told stories. He was not cold and detached. He was warm-hearted, alert—a common man, breathing common aspirations." The pity of it is

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that it is the President who loses. He was right in 1913: the Washington correspondents can be of enormous usefulness to a man in high office if only they are rightly handled and confidence is placed in them by one who does not think himself too vastly superior to them to profit by their aid. There is much in the old fable of the lion and the mouse.

Unfortunately, what is true of these relationships is true of Mr. Wilson's life in the White House. It is reserved and retired, and notably so in contrast to the Roosevelt régime, during which the White House itself and its frequenters were at the high-water mark of interest and variety. Although a Southerner, and for so long a college president supposed to keep open house for faculty and students, Mr. Wilson entertains but little. In this respect the high hopes built upon his second marriage seem not to have been fulfilled. His early choice of a remote Summer home in Cornish was such a mistake that his devoted White House followers, to whom Mr. Wilson is indeed a hero, are understood to have rejoiced mightily when the Summer house on the New Jersey shore (which has not been occupied at this writing) was offered and accepted. It is true that at Trenton he also entertained little, but then his circumstances were different. What his warmest admirers have kept on hoping for is that others besides themselves might have access to that *bonhomie* they enjoy, and might thus be disabused of any idea that the President is a mere thinking-machine without any heart and interested in people only so far as they have something to give. The luncheon, and particularly the White House luncheon, is a great counter-irritant, a solver of many problems, a salve for many sores. It has been little used by Mr. Wilson, and its absence is perhaps one reason why so many Representatives and Senators feel that they exist in the Executive's opinion only to be sent for when the President thinks there is something that they can do for him. Whether or not this is due to an inability to find congenial intellectual companionship, and because no other kind is tolerable, the aloofness of the President is the lasting regret of all his friends.

If Mr. Wilson's failure in these relationships of official life merely affected himself they could readily be dismissed as the individual idiosyncrasies of a great man, and no public man is without weaknesses and shortcomings. But these Wilson traits have a distinct bearing on the future of the

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Democracy. They must be taken into account by any voter who would forecast the kind of President Mr. Wilson would be in a second term, when the temptation will be behind him to lower the public service by bestowing offices for political reasons, by surrendering to organized labor, as in the matter of efficiency in the Government service, by frequently reversing his positions. They throw, moreover, an important light upon Mr. Wilson's attitude toward his office, his whole theory of the Presidency and his use of the executive power.

Indeed, their significance ranges far beyond the fortunes of Woodrow Wilson himself: for they explain why it is that whereas there were once notable bodies of young Cleveland men, like the Reform Club group in New York, there has been no similar raising-up of young Wilson men to carry on the standard in the years to come. There was a beginning in the early efforts to oppose Tammany Hall, but with the surrender to Murphy, as illustrated by the Johnson case, no more is heard of a reform Democracy in New York. As for the leader in the White House, no fair man doubts his extraordinary ability, his frequent lofty statesmanship, his rare wit, his unbounded power to charm when he will but unbend. He can rise to great heights both in words and deeds. Despite many base anonymous rumors, his private life is all that it should be. It may well be that Mr. Wilson will be re-elected because of his undoubtedly great services, notably, of course, in keeping us out of the war. But if he is, it will be a curious case of a President being chosen again who is unloved by his party or by the grateful masses of his countrymen.

The tragedy of it is that there are those who ought to know who believe that the President desires nothing so much as to be loved, not for what he has achieved, nor for his intellectual powers, but for himself alone.

III

Once upon a time there was a President who took office amid the plaudits of men everywhere who cried: "Behold, there is one set over us who thinks not of himself but yearns for us." They thronged from all sides, murmuring to one another that if they could but touch the hem of his garments they would be his servitors for life, and thinking that if he would but speak to them it would be as manna from Heaven. Too long had they been governed by men who served them

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only for what they could get out of those who trusted them. They would ask no reward, they said, for they wanted none. They felt that to serve this new leader was reward enough. Did they not, in aiding him, but aid themselves and the cause of freedom and justice? And they loved him the more for the enemies he had made when he took up their wrongs. But soon the one within the white temple denied them nearly all, and one by one these ardent ones fell away from him, going back to their avocations, with their hearts sad within them. No longer did they see a Mecca at Washington. The high hopes in the hearts of these men, that there was one to lead them into the promised land, seemed to have come to naught. The covenants of the prophets, they cried, are no longer his; these are new ones made by himself that he worships. Then how can we, his disciples, know which are the true covenants, since they all glimmer and dissolve as we view them? And behold, he now strikes hands with those whom but the other day he cast out from among us as unclean.

He is wise, O Lord, and great, they prayed. But upon whom shall we now cast our eyes?

Oswald Garrison Villard.

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THE FUTURE MECHANISM OF WARFARE

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

While the nation is awake to the needs of defense, what constitutes defense is a matter of infinite dispute. There are some who believe that the investment of millions in capital ships is a grave mistake, in view of the potentiality of the submarine. There are others who imagine that the establishment of a standing army of several hundred thousand men will be an adequate safeguard against the attack of invading forces. It is a curious thing that such an ultra-technical question as defense should be in the hands of the people, and as long as it remains in the hands of the people, programmes of defense will be merely a matter of political compromise, and will never fulfill the scientific requirements that are imposed upon us through the organization of enemy forces.

In considering the question of the defense of the United States, there are two main propositions involved: First, the problem of what materials as weapons we need in our defenses; and second, what form of organization there shall be in the handling and development of these materials.

To best understand what future warfare is likely to bring about in the development of machines of destruction, it is necessary to study its history up to the present. It is an interesting thing that while man has shown infinite originality in the development of weapons, he has shown none in his methods of fighting. With all the vast changes in material that have taken place since early history, there has been, as Admiral Mahan said, no change in the principles of strategy. The same principles of the disposition and concentration of forces apply today as in the Napoleonic era. Coupled with this adherence to the old principles of handling forces is the maintenance of the same methods of destruction

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which were used by the earliest fighters. Artillery has developed from David's sling, through the *ballistae* of the Romans and the early cannons of the Middle Ages, to the fifteen-inch rifle mounted on the *Queen Elizabeth*. We are still battering each other with missiles, but with far more precision, greater range, greater rapidity of fire and greater destructive effect. It was a brilliant conception when the first man propelled his projectile by the explosive force of gun powder, yet years of experimenting and the work of hundreds of men were necessary to give to artillery the position it occupies in modern warfare. In the field artillery at Gettysburg the battery firing the greatest number of rounds during the day aggregated only 77 shots; while against a Liège fort the Austrian howitzers, hidden seven miles away, fired fifty tons of high explosive shells a minute. The effect of the howitzers was to kill seventy per cent of the garrison and seriously to injure the rest. It was an equally brilliant and revolutionary conception when some Dutch inventor of the Sixteenth Century conceived the idea of filling bullets with explosives so that, instead of merely perforating the target with a hole the diameter of the shot, there would result an explosion, the effect of which would be vastly more damaging. Today it is a curtain of fire, an iron curtain of thousands of explosive shells, that sweeps the enemy's lines. The gun is the supreme weapon of destruction.

In considering the specific problem of the defense of the United States, the naval question is perhaps of chief interest. It is upon the highroads of the oceans that we shall probably meet our enemy, and it will be a naval battle that will mark the opening of the campaign. Upon the seas we employ the same agency of destruction as on land, namely, the gun. About the gun has developed all the intricate mechanism of naval warfare. In order to use it effectively, since the days when ships grappled with each other and the conflict was hand to hand, man has sought for a suitable gun-platform. The super-dreadnought of today is the culmination of hundreds of types of ships, each in its way an experiment to better the naval gun-platform.

In the days of the sailing ships of the line, the problem of placing the ship or gun-platform in the most advantageous position to attack the enemy was determined largely by the direction of the wind. With the advent of steam this factor was eliminated, and with equally balanced fleets the issue

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today depends largely upon the ability of the opposing admirals. We started with over-armored ships of low free-board and poor seagoing qualities, carrying small armaments, and have now arrived at seaworthy, high-sided vessels of remarkable speed, carrying tremendous armaments. To produce these vessels, capable of keeping the seas and fighting under all conditions of weather, is a task not easily achieved by even the greatest naval designers. When one thinks of the thousands of tons of weight that a battleship carries in its large guns and turrets, and realizes that in a modern ship this weight is carried many feet above the water line, it seems astonishing that the vessels do not capsize. Moreover, when one considers that it is highly desirable to secure the greatest possible stability in these ships to attain accuracy of fire, then it is obvious how difficult must be the designing of the hull. Today this increase in armament is such that the weight of one shell of 13½-inch rifle on a modern dreadnought is greater than the weight of the whole broadside of Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*.

Positioning the guns of a ship so that the maximum may be brought to bear at a given time was also a question of great moment. Hundreds of new designs have been made in different types of ships, but the United States Navy solved the problem most effectively in positioning its large guns along the center line of the vessel, to allow their concentration in broadside fire. The cannon of the early fighting ships had but a limited scope of movement or arc of fire, and as early as the Spanish Armada the relative arc of fire of the ships' batteries proved of immense importance. Authorities now believe that one factor that contributed to England's victory in this battle was the larger gun ports of the British ships, which allowed a more flexible training of their armament.

In the earlier history of the capital ship, it was held that the ideal to be attained was invulnerability rather than destructive superiority; more stress was laid upon the armor protection of the vessel than upon the effectiveness and power of its armament. However, the introduction of rifled guns and shells carrying bursting charges of explosives finally overcame the attempts to protect the ship as a whole. Today the armor protection is limited to those parts constituting the vital organs of the vessel.

The importance of the big gun, and the final proof that

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ship development has been along the right lines, can be found in the two most important modern naval conflicts: the Battle of Tsushima, where the Russian fleet received its main injuries from the Japanese twelve-inch "portmanteaus"; and the recent Jutland fight, where the ranges were such that it was again the large guns that governed the action. Naval tactics have been developed to enable the full gun power of a fleet to be used against an enemy. Gun power has been increased to strike the enemy at long ranges, to out-range him and to gain a moral and physical superiority over him before he can close to shorter distances. Salvo fire has been developed to simultaneous fire of the large guns, and to a delivery of tremendous, crushing blows in such volume and with such rapidity that the enemy has no time to repair his damages.

It is natural that with the evolution of the capital ship, inventors should exercise their ingenuity in the development of weapons to destroy it. This need was recognized many years ago, and developmental work on the submarine may be traced back as far as 1578, work on the submarine mine to 1585, and the first developments of the automobile torpedo to 1864. It has taken years for these weapons to achieve their present position of importance in naval warfare; they were designed and expected to annihilate the capital ship, and yet today, after these many years, they have only limited its potentiality. In spite of the predictions of Sir Percy Scott, the submarine has, in actual battle, proved to be of secondary importance. Even the submarine's most ardent advocates must admit its impotence in the recent Jutland fight. Though Admiral Beatty's squadron ran through a flotilla of German submarines, not a battle cruiser was touched. Yet in the Mediterranean and about England the seas are netted against submarines. Behind these nets the fighting ships of the Allies can rest; outside of them, they must be constantly on the alert. The submarine unquestionably has a moral effect, and this is an important factor in war. In the Jutland fight the automobile torpedo proved more effective in the tubes carried by high-speed surface vessels than in the submerged tubes of the so-called "daylight" torpedo boats; yet in spite of the heroism of the commanders of the destroyers during the daylight, but few torpedoes got home. However, the potentiality of the torpedo made itself felt after dark, and it was for fear of this weapon that Jellicoe

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kept in leash the grand fleet, and did not press his advantage over Von Scheer.

From this hurried survey of some of the main features of military history, we can get an inkling as to the probable developments of the mechanism of war in the future. It will be many years before there is a weapon to supplant the gun—so many years, that those of this generation need have no doubts that the expenditure of appropriations for capital ships is a sound investment. Artillery, whether it be on land or upon floating platforms, will be the means wherewith we shall batter our enemy. The United States must have these great floating batteries, which will constitute the iron wall of our protection. We must build larger capital ships, in spite of alleged "docking difficulties," and the opposition to the investment of large sums in single fighting units. Though presenting a larger target for torpedo attack, the bigger ship is less vulnerable, for the reason that its structural subdivision is greater and the effect of a submarine explosion is more localized. In the Jutland battle, the *Marlborough,* though torpedoed, was able to continue in action, using her broadsides with great effect. The capital ships should be supplemented by other types of vessels—as the high-speed battle-cruiser, capable of undertaking a running fight with the enemy's battleships, capable of forming the head of the battle line, and constantly maintaining a position of tactical advantage, as did Beatty in the Jutland fight. The commander of slow ships can have but little initiative; he must wait for the thrust of the enemy, and then parry. His opponent plans the battle. In the larger ships we should develop our hitting power to a maximum in the muzzle energy of our guns. The history of naval war has shown that superior armament is the best armor.

The best answer to the submarine is the high-speed motorboat. Whatever development may be made in the motive-power of the submarine, it never can equal the speed of a small surface craft. The surface submarine destroyers could be equipped with types of high explosive shells closely resembling the "mine" fired from the trench mortars in Europe. The detonation of several hundred pounds of high-explosive under water in the close vicinity of a submarine will be one of the most effective means of securing its destruction. As further protection for the floating gun-platforms there will be the torpedo-boat destroyers which have

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proved so valuable during the present war. For scouting purposes there should be developed a flying-boat, with emphasis on the boat. This flying machine should be capable of operating from, and landing safely on, a rough sea. With their tremendous speed, they would prove far superior to the scouting ship.

The size of the United States Navy can never be determined by the United States—it must always be determined by the other nations. In the Pacific we have a potential adversary, and in the Atlantic a combination of several hostile navies may develop. We have a Pacific and an Atlantic fleet. Separating them lies the Panama Canal: for it is ridiculous to imagine that the Canal will be a short cut for one fleet to reinforce the other in the case of sudden conflict—the welfare of the Nation should not depend upon a few hundred pounds of high explosive, a charge quite sufficient to disable this waterway.

Finally, in regard to future developments, the potentiality of the submarine should be greatly enhanced, by increasing its size, multiplying its torpedo tubes, and firing them in salvos. The difficulty of hitting with the torpedos is due principally to the long period of transit from base to target, and that means that in order to obtain greater certainty of hits, we must fire them "en masse," but always under the control of special sighting instruments. A further development of the submarine by largely increasing its tonnage will be its possible use as a transport. A leading submarine engineer, who has devoted much study to the subject, considers it practicable to construct these vessels up to 600 or 700 feet in length, fitting them with accomodations for transporting troops. While this may not be of such specific interest to us, since we are not considering ourselves as possible invaders, nevertheless it would be of considerable importance should it be made use of by an enemy. It would be an inestimable advantage to any fleet operating against our coasts if its transports possessed the inherent power of protecting themselves by submergence. This would leave the enemy fleet free to use its full offensive power without the hindrance and the burden of protecting helpless troop ships. Thus the enemy would not need a great naval supremacy to attempt the invasion of our shores. It is not likely, however, that the submarine will ever develop into a carrier of large guns, for in order to be an efficient gun-plat-

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form, it would have to lose those qualities that make it a successful submersible.

It is fortunate that at last some recognition has been given by the present Congress to aeronautics. Without an adequate aeronautical branch in the army and navy, the nation is blindfolded during a war. The aerial coastal patrol system which I proposed recently has become a reality. Its work will be to supplement the navy in the location of enemy forces. It will be a winged sentry, whose warning will hurry the mobile land forces to meet the enemy's landing operations. For this purpose—always keeping in mind the omnipotence of the gun—we should have hundreds of miles of strategic roads leading to positions available to the enemy for disembarkment. Over these roads, which can be quickly repaired in case of damage from enemy fire, motor-drawn howitzers will operate. These howitzers would fire large-calibre shrapnel upon the landing forces. Squads of motor-bicycle machine-guns would also operate upon those roads and prove their potentiality in checking the enemy.

All the leading nations understand that the key to world power is the command of the seas. Any weapon to limit the potentiality of naval power, such as the wireless torpedo, the submarine, and the mine, will therefore be of paramount interest. Millions of dollars will be spent in the development of these weapons, and it is a paradoxical situation that the nations should be forced to develop instruments that will tend to limit their own naval aggressiveness. Napoleon was beaten by the allied fleets; the resources of Wilhelm II are being cut off by the ships of his enemies. We cannot feel that because our ambitions are not for territorial aggrandizement, sea power has no interest for us. In the present state of industrial development, all nations are interdependent. A blockade of our coast would not starve our citizens, but it would close our factories. It is for this reason that we must have a fleet on both oceans, large enough to meet any enemy and to take the offensive against him. Defensive wars are losing wars.

The great problem in preparedness today is not the matter of how many ships we shall build, nor the number of men that we shall have in our standing army. It is a question of whether a nation of civilians, ignorant of the technical requirements of war, shall have the power to control the development of its means of defense. Every in-

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dustrial enterprise employs experts, and bases its development upon their opinions and its financial resources. From a survey of the past we have seen how the expert has guided the development of weapons along logical lines and brought them to their present high state of efficiency. Today the War and Navy Departments have far too little influence upon the ultimate development of the service they are supposed to control. In the throes of war, the people's destiny will be thrust into the hands of our admirals and generals. They will be forced to protect us with an equipment in which they have but little confidence, for it will be an equipment produced, in many cases, by political compromises, and not by technical knowledge.

Under the stress of the European war there is a sentiment for preparedness throughout the United States which will probably last until peace is declared. This sentiment has produced an Army and Navy bill. These bills have merely accelerated our military and naval increase to keep pace with the building programmes of certain other countries. The greatest achievement, then, that we could obtain today for the safeguarding of the nation would be in the formation of a council of defense, untouched as far as possible by political influence, and following the consensus of opinion of qualified experts. This council would initiate and perpetuate a policy for the upbuilding of our military and naval forces, so as to maintain a safe balance between our national strength and that of the other Powers. If we leave the upbuilding of our army and navy in the hands of the people, when popular interest wanes we shall find ourselves in 1926 in the same relatively weak position that we occupy in 1916.

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

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THE STORY OF THE DANISH ISLANDS

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

FACTIONAL and personal spite; crass civic myopia; hostile alien intrigue: these have been the evil genii in the half-century story of our dealings with the Danish Islands. They are genii which still survive, and are still on occasion perniciously active.

Our interest in the islands dates from the Civil War. All through that struggle we felt the need of a naval station, for coaling, supplies, repairs and shelter, somewhere among the Antilles. The lack of one was a costly handicap. Naval officers complained bitterly to Lincoln and to Seward of the disadvantage which they thus suffered. "If we had only such a station," one declared, "we could have rounded up the privateers, blockade-runners and contraband traders in half the time and with half the trouble." Lincoln and Seward appreciated the situation, and together determined that the nation's need should be supplied at the earliest practicable date. Years afterward it was the lesson of the *Oregon* in the Spanish War that so mightily moved this nation toward the Panama Canal. Just so, it was the exigencies of the Civil War that moved the Government toward the acquisition of West Indian islands.

Lincoln and Seward talked the matter over together many times. After Lincoln's re-election in November, 1864, it was obvious that the war would end within the next year, and it was determined that his second Administration should take energetically in hand, in addition to the restoration of the Union, the tasks of driving the French out of Mexico, the acquisition of Alaska, the securing of an Isthmian Canal route at Chiriqui or elsewhere, and the purchase of a site for a naval station on the Caribbean Sea. The first two tasks were speedily accomplished. The second two were postponed for many years, then to be fulfilled at a cost

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enormously increased,—the inexorable penalty of timidity, short-sightedness and delay.

Negotiations for the Danish Islands were begun before the war was ended, and while Lincoln was still President. As soon as Sherman's famous "Christmas gift" message came from Savannah telling that his march from the Mountains to the Sea was completed and the Confederacy was irreparably rent in twain, Lincoln told Seward to "go in." The great expansionist Secretary obeyed with zeal and gladness. In January, 1865, he broached the subject to General Raasloff, the Danish minister at Washington. That accomplished diplomat was not favorably impressed, and frankly told Seward so. Seward was persistent, however, and presently requested Raasloff to lay the matter before his Government at Copenhagen. The latter did so; but, partly because of his own personal convictions and partly through pique at Seward's thus going over his head, he did it in such a way as to assure a refusal, which promptly came.

The assassination of Lincoln and the attempt upon Seward's life made an end for a time of all such transactions. But as soon as Seward recovered from his wounds he took them up again, with the hearty approval of President Johnson, who purposed—in respect to all these foreign affairs at least, and, in particular, in respect to the expansionist plans—to fulfill scrupulously his great predecessor's designs. In reopening the negotiations in December, 1865, Seward enjoyed two advantages which he had not had before. One was, that a new ministry had taken office at Copenhagen, and was more favorably inclined toward the scheme; and the other, that in addition to dealing with Raasloff at Washington, Seward had the American minister at Copenhagen, George H. Yeaman, lay the case before the Foreign Office there. The result was that the Danish Government announced its willingness to consider the proposal, and inquired how much the United States would be willing to pay for the three islands.

Seward was nothing if not practical and thorough in such matters. He had no thought of naming a sum at random. So he personally went straight to the islands and examined them carefully. In addition, he had the War Department send an officer to them, to make an independent examination of them and systematically to appraise their

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value. As a result of these investigations, he offered for the three islands five million dollars in gold—subject, of course, to the Senate's ratification of a treaty to that effect. That offer was made to General Raasloff just as the latter was leaving Washington to go home and become Minister of War at Copenhagen. Thereafter the negotiations were continued chiefly at Copenhagen, between Yeaman and the Danish Foreign Minister, Count Friis. But Seward soon found that he was confronted by some formidable obstacle. Urge haste as he would, he could not get the Danish Government to move in the matter. For this inaction there were two major reasons.

One was the attitude of Prussia. That Power had in 1864 robbed Denmark of Schleswig and Holstein, and now, in 1866, she was first discussing with Austria the disposition of those provinces and then was thrashing Austria in the Six Weeks' War and assuming for herself the hegemony of Germany. In these circumstances Denmark not unnaturally thought it best to wait until the controversy between Prussia and Austria was settled before taking so radical a step as to sell the islands; especially when it was suggested that her sale of them might offend Prussia and lead to further aggressions by that formidable Power.

The other reason was the attitude of France. That Power revived an old claim to the largest of the three islands, Santa Cruz. This island had been given by Louis XIV of France to the Knights of Malta, and had been purchased by Denmark in 1733, with the stipulation that she would never alienate it without the consent of France. Now France was not fitted to insist with good grace upon fulfilment of that pledge, seeing that she had given a precisely similar pledge to Spain regarding Louisiana, and had repudiated and violated it in the most cynical and flagrant fashion when she sold that territory to us. Nevertheless, she did insist upon it. Louis Napoleon had been our worst enemy in Europe all through the Civil War, and he was now all the more hostile because of Seward's strenuous thwarting of his scheme for the conquest and annexation of Mexico. So he promptly made it clear to the Danish Government that he would under no circumstances assent to the cession of Santa Cruz to the United States. The Danish Government was both scrupulous in the fulfilment of the old agreement and fearful of what might happen to it if it

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incurred the wrath of France. So, after much delay, it finally told Seward that it doubted whether it could sell Santa Cruz at any price, but that it was willing to consider further the sale of St. Thomas and St. John.

Finally, after the definitive inclusion of Schleswig and Holstein as integral provinces of the Prussian Kingdom, and the settlement of affairs between Prussia and Austria, Denmark, in the spring of 1867, made to Seward a counter offer: to sell us St. Thomas and St. John for five million dollars each; and to sell Santa Cruz also for another like sum provided the assent of France could be obtained. The whole transaction was provisional upon the assent of the Danish Parliament and also of the people of the islands expressed in a plebiscite. Seward countered with an offer of just half that amount, but with a positive objection to the plebiscite. Denmark replied with an offer of the islands for $3,750,000 each, which was a splitting of the difference between Seward's and Denmark's former prices; but it added that the plebiscite must be insisted upon.

Seward considered this carefully, and then practically accepted the offer. Under his instructions Yeaman made, in October, 1867, a treaty paying $7,500,000 for St. Thomas and St. John, and letting Santa Cruz go. Seward realized that there was no hope of getting Louis Napoleon to agree to the transfer of that island, but he had a cheerful confidence that that pinchbeck emperor would not much longer be on the throne, and he hoped that the Government which succeeded him would be more friendly.

The plebiscite was not mentioned in the treaty, but Seward orally and privately assented to its being taken, so long as it was not mentioned in the treaty or in any action which our Congress might take. This inexorable opposition of Seward's to a plebiscite, when he was so great a champion of the rights of the people, has been regarded as strange and inexplicable. In fact the explanation is quite simple and satisfactory. Seward was following the precedents established by Jefferson in the purchase of Louisiana and by John Quincy Adams in the annexation of Florida, under which the people of those territories were not consulted any more than cattle would be over the sale of their pasture. This, at least in Seward's case, was not an expression of disregard for popular rights. It was simply intended to forefend against any possible demand for Statehood by the

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annexed territory. If the people of the islands were consulted on the question of annexation, he cogently argued, they could logically demand to be consulted concerning the status of the islands after annexation. He preferred to follow the old precedents, and thus to be able to insist upon the constitutional right of Congress to fix the status of the islands and to govern them as it pleased, without consulting anybody. So while he was reluctantly willing that the plebiscite should be taken, he insisted that it should not be mentioned in the treaty or be recognized in any way by the Government of the United States. It may be added that the plebiscite resulted in the casting of 1,244 votes for and only 22 against annexation to the United States.

When the making of this treaty was disclosed to the diplomatic corps at Copenhagen, the different attitudes of the various ministers were highly significant. The British and Russian ministers cordially congratulated Yeaman, the former somewhat jocularly asking if Iceland and Greenland were also to be purchased. The Spanish minister, with characteristic courtesy, also congratulated Yeaman upon his achievement, but added frankly that neither he nor his Government was pleased with it. The Ten Years' War in Cuba had begun, with a certainty of friction with the United States, and Spain did not relish the prospect of our having an insular possession close to Porto Rico and commanding the approach from Spain to Porto Rico and Cuba. The Prussian minister observed that the treaty looked as though the United States expected soon to need naval facilities in the Caribbean—an unmistakable suggestion of impending trouble between this country and Spain. The French minister said not a word: the French army had a few months before evacuated Mexico at our command, Maximilian had been put to death, and at that very moment Garibaldi, who was regarded as being almost as much an American national hero as an Italian, was preparing to give battle to the French army in Italy.

The treaty was ratified by the Danish Parliament; in both Houses, without so much as a single opposing vote. But our Senate tucked it into a pigeonhole and refused to act upon it in any way. For this there were several reasons. Doubtless there was some reaction in the nation against the expansionist policy. We had just purchased Alaska, and, with incredibly short vision, people were saying that we had

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thus wasted $7,200,000 of good money upon an Arctic wilderness which would and could never return us six per cent interest on that investment. People were also beginning to forget about our need of such islands during the war; and there was no tradition of Danish friendship and of consequent demands of gratitude, such as there was concerning Russia in the Alaska case. There was even at one time a shallow and ridiculous attempt to discredit the transaction on account of a severe hurricane which visited the islands; an incident which is now recalled chiefly as the theme of one of Bret Harte's satirical poems.

But the chief reason was factional and personal spite. Sumner was then chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, which had the treaty in hand, and he and the other Republican leaders who controlled the Senate were bitterly hostile to President Johnson—whom, at that very time, they were aiming to impeach and remove from office. They were almost equally bitter against Seward, because he had remained at the head of Johnson's cabinet—although that was really the greatest public service of Seward's whole career, as all must realize who can imagine what vagaries Johnson might have been guilty of without the advice and restraint of the great Secretary. It did not matter that the proposal had originated with Lincoln. It did not matter that it promised to be of incalculable advantage to the United States. To Senators blind with passionate hate it was enough that it was Johnson's and Seward's treaty: away with it! It was in order to express all possible contempt for it that they would not honor it with action of any kind, but simply ignored its existence. Seward secured from Denmark an extension of the time allowed for ratification, and his successor in the next Administration, Hamilton Fish, secured a second extension. But all was in vain. The prejudice against the treaty was carried over into the next Administration. Beside, Sumner was as hostile to Grant as he had been to Johnson. So finally, on April 14, 1870, the treaty lapsed and died.

In that incident the United States was put into a position which might have proved one of the most embarrassing in its entire history; and that it escaped the gravest possible embarrassment must be credited partly to its good luck and partly to the generosity and amiability of Denmark. This was the situation: Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Polk and

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others had established and maintained the principle that while European Powers might without offense to this country continue indefinitely to hold their possessions in or about this continent, they could not be permitted to transfer them from one to another, but on relinquishing sovereignty over them must make them independent or else cede them to this country. That principle had been enunciated as clearly as the Monroe Doctrine itself, and for a longer time, and it was recognized as involving the integrity and validity of that Doctrine.

But the principle had the obvious and inevitable corollary that the United States must always stand ready to take, itself, any territories which European Powers might wish to surrender to it. We could not play the part of the dog in the manger, and, while refusing to take the territories ourselves, also refuse to let the owner sell them to somebody else. We must, for the sake of logic and of decency, either take the territories ourselves, or leave the owner free to dispose of them elsewhere as it pleased. Nobody realized this more clearly than Seward, and he urged the point upon the Senate, but in vain. It was well known that that was one of the reasons why he had purchased Alaska: because Russia wanted to sell it, and we must either buy it or let her sell it to someone else, probably to Great Britain. And one reason why Senators ratified the Alaska treaty was in order thus to spite England and to prevent her from getting the province. But in this case they ignored the point. What they would have done had Denmark then sold or offered to sell the islands to some other Power, say to Great Britain, is matter for interesting speculation. Happily, Denmark did not put them in that dilemma.

Twenty-two years passed. They were marked with no particular political changes for Denmark, but with material economic changes for the Danish colonies in the West Indies. Formerly those islands had enjoyed considerable prosperity from plantations of sugar cane, and from other tropical products. But the vast development of the beet sugar industry had created a competition which proved ruinous to them, and from being a source of profit they became a cause of heavy expense; the Danish Government therefore decided to get rid of them, if it could. In November, 1892, the Foreign Minister at Copenhagen intimated to Clark E. Carr, the American minister, that his Government was in a recep-

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tive mood for a renewal of the American proposals of so many years before. President Harrison and his Secretary of State, John W. Foster, were both strongly inclined toward purchase of the islands, and there is no doubt that if the elections of that very month had returned Harrison to office for a second term, a treaty to that effect would have been made. But Harrison had been overwhelmingly defeated; he knew that there was not time before the end of his term to make a treaty and have it ratified; and he knew that his coming successor, Grover Cleveland, was irreversibly opposed to the transaction. To begin negotiations would therefore be worse than useless, since they would certainly be discontinued or repudiated immediately after March 4. Therefore, he directed Foster to reply, with regret, that it was not practicable to take the matter up at that time.

Again, Denmark might have embarrassed this country by saying, "Very well; if you do not wish to buy, we will seek another purchaser." But with generous and friendly consideration it refrained from so doing, and let the matter rest for four years. At the end of 1896, however, it renewed its overtures to the Cleveland Administration, with a result which fully justified Harrison's assumption of four years before that that Administration would oppose the annexation of the islands. Then for a third time Denmark refrained from challenging our dog-in-the-manger attitude, and postponed further action.

After the Spanish War, and the accession of John Hay to the Secretaryship of State, the time seemed auspicious for a renewal of the attempt to get rid of possessions which year by year were becoming more burdensome to Denmark, and year by year were falling into further decay for lack of connection with the only country which could assure them economic prosperity. Toward the end of 1901, therefore, negotiations to that end were begun at Washington between Hay and the Danish minister, Count Brun. These proceeded smoothly and expeditiously, and in January, 1902, a treaty was made, ceding all three islands to the United States for the sum of five million dollars—the very sum which Seward had originally offered. The sale of all three was made possible by the friendly acquiescence of the French Republic in the cession of Santa Cruz, to which the former French Emperor had churlishly objected; and the much lower price than that formerly asked was due to the decline of prosperity in the

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islands, and to the Danish Government's realization of their worse than worthlessness to it. It was felt at Copenhagen, indeed, that it would be better to give the islands away for nothing than to continue to hold them.

This treaty was promptly ratified by our Senate, which thus for the first time put the United States in a proper, logical and safe attitude toward the islands. February 17 was the date of the ratification, less than a month after the submission of the treaty to the Senate—a record of rapidity for that deliberately deliberative body. The lower House, or *Folkething*, of the Danish Parliament, also ratified it without delay, in accordance with the undoubted will of the people. But then an obstacle was encountered. The treaty had also to be acted upon by the upper House, or *Landsthing*, and there German influence was active, potent and hostile.

Two motives chiefly animated Germany to compass the defeat of the treaty. One was the enmity toward the United States which it had manifested all through the Spanish War, and which had been intensified by our annexation of the Philippines and our consequent blocking of Germany's designs for the partition of China. The other was Germany's purpose to make itself a Caribbean Power, through the acquisition of the Dutch West Indies, the spoliation of Venezuela, or the acquisition of land grants from Colombia at Panama, including the Panama Canal. Upon all of these schemes, particularly upon the last named, Germany was at that time actively engaged. There was an understanding with officials at Bogota that as soon as the French canal concession and charter lapsed, in 1904, they would be forfeited to Colombia, and then would be transferred, for a consideration, to Germany. If then, in addition to holding the Isthmus and its canal, Germany could secure the Danish Islands, commanding the approach to the canal from the eastern end of the Caribbean, German domination of that great commercial highway would be assured.

There were in the *Landsthing* many members who were susceptible to German influence. Some were half German, or were closely related by marriage to German families. Others owned estates in Schleswig and Holstein, the Danish provinces now held by Prussia. Others were deeply interested in trade with Prussia. So, after many weeks of intriguing, thirty-three members of the *Landsthing*, making exactly one-half of that body, were prevailed upon to vote

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against ratification. That made the division a tie, and defeated the treaty, a result which was reached on October 21, 1902. There was universal regret in the islands, and the same feeling was widespread in Denmark itself. The United States had the consoling reflection, however, that it was left in an inestimably better position than it had been in since 1870. It had at last vindicated the consistency of the Monroe and Polk Doctrines, by showing itself ready to take over into its own possession any colonies of European Powers in this hemisphere of which they wished to be rid.

A few weeks later Germany followed up this victory over the United States with two more significant acts. One was the defeat of the Hay-Concha negotiations for a canal treaty between the United States and Colombia, when the Colombian minister, José V. Concha, repudiated the work which he himself had begun, deserted his office and scuttled away to Germany in company with a prominent politico-commercial agent. The other was the German blockade of the Venezuelan coast, which was followed with the organization of a military and naval expedition for the conquest of Venezuela —an expedition hastily abandoned upon our President's assurance to the German Ambassador that upon its arrival in Caribbean waters it would be met by the entire battle fleet of the United States Navy under the command of Admiral Dewey. It was a most suggestive and appropriate sequel to these things that the next movement for the cession of the Danish Islands to the United States was not undertaken until Germany became so desperately involved in the War of the Nations as to be debarred from any renewal of her former marplotry.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

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WAR AND PROGRESS

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL

THE pacificist takes it for granted that it would be well for the human race if war could be utterly abolished—that such a consummation would constitute a marked step in human progress; and he is likely to assume that all intelligent persons must agree with him. In this, however, he is somewhat at fault, for one meets with not a few men of high intelligence who are not ready to make this acknowledgement; some holding that if war is an evil, it is at least a necessary evil; and others even questioning whether it can be called an unmitigated evil—whether in fact it may not in certain aspects be looked upon as a good.

I have considered, in an article previously published in the REVIEW,[1] the thought of those who argue that considerations involved with accepted biological tenets prove that war is necessary to human progress. As I have there shown that this argument is based upon a fundamental misconception of the meaning of the law of survival, I shall at once turn the attention of the reader to a closely related misconception which is commonly met with, and which leads to serious confusion of thought; I refer to the identification of war with struggle. Thus Dr. Stewart Paton,[2] in arguing in favor of that "preparedness" for war which goes so far to nourish man's fighting instincts, describes "professional pacifists" (*sic*) as "persons who take a sentimental view of life," who are thus led to "denounce struggle and war" . . . and who have "never fairly and squarely faced the primal fact that life is a process of adjustment in a great struggle for existence."

[1] *War and Human Nature*, February, 1916.

[2] *New York Times*, March 17, 1916.

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Now it may be granted without hesitancy, but with certain explanations and limitations which I cannot stop to consider, that man's progress must necessarily entail a constant struggle with conditions in his environment; but this surely does not indicate that war is necessary to his advance unless proof can be presented to show that all tendency to initiate this struggle would cease to exist if war were abandoned. And in my view no such proof can possibly be presented.

We find a similar confusion in connection with the argument that the abolition of war would carry with it the suppression of the incentives which in the daily life of man yield competition; it being held that without competition there could be no further evolutional development.

It must be granted that we are dealing with actual facts when we say that, in our day, "competition is the life of trade"; and, going beyond this particular, that competition is a prominent factor in our present evolutional development. But I am unable to agree that these facts carry with them proof that competition is necessary to this development.

The biologist tells us that Dame Nature is a blundering empiricist. When she happens to invent an advantageous adaptation she is likely to be satisfied without emphasizing the special point of value attained thereby. Helmholtz used to say humorously that he would refuse to grant a degree to any student who made as many blunders as are evidenced in the construction of the eye considered as an optical instrument. Such being the case, when we find an advantageous characteristic in man we may well look below the surface. We see that competition has been, and still is, advantageous to man in his rise in social efficiency; but we should ask whether it is competition itself that is of value. May it not be that competition is merely the means of producing certain advantageous modes of activity that might be otherwise gained?

We have but to ask ourselves this question to find an instant affirmative reply; for it is evident that the essential value of competition lies in the fact that the competitors are "put on their mettle," and that thus the special capacity of the winning competitor is brought into clear view. And if this is true, then of course any other method that will guide the individual to effective effort, and will enable us to discern his special capacities, will do all that competition can do to further man's advance. Surely there is reason to hope that such methods will be devised as man gains in intelli-

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gence; and as surely, therefore, it appears that there is no warrant for the worship of the competitive principle which is so current in our day; and none for the contention that war must be condoned because it fosters the spirit which develops the competitive activities of man.

Again, as I have noted in the article above referred to, we find the necessity of recurrent wars maintained by men of importance on the ground that, given human nature as we find it, war will always be necessary to enforce the will of the most civilized peoples in the maintenance of their ideals.

Here we have the unwarranted assumption that human nature can never change sufficiently to yield a reformation of the great Powers so that they may be properly designated as "gentlemanly nations"; and the equally unfounded assumption that war is the only means that can be devised to preserve the lesser Powers from aggression. There seems to be no reason why we should not forge, to take the place of war, new weapons less cruel and equally effective—as, for instance, thoroughgoing international ostracism.

In relation to this new weapon as a substitute for war it may be worth while to say a few words. Those who are urging the formation of an international "League to Enforce Peace" suggest that "all non-justiciable questions arising between the signatory Powers shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation"; and that "the signatory Powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories before any question shall be thus submitted as provided above."

When it is considered that Great Britain, Greece, Italy, not to speak of Bulgaria, Montenegro, Serbia, and Turkey failed to ratify the main Hague Convention of 1907, as well as the minor convention relative to the rights of neutrals, it is apparent that great difficulty would be met in persuading the great Powers to bind themselves in advance to make war under the conditions named. I, myself, should question whether it would be wise for the United States to bind itself thus; for if it did, we might be called upon to make war in times when financial depression or calamity made such action a very serious burden upon our people.

It would certainly be much easier to gain ratification for a treaty which substituted for war the weapon of complete

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ostracism, and in my view this weapon would be a most effective one. A nation that found itself suddenly cut off from all communication with the outside world, by railroad or water way, by mail or telegraph, whose imports and exports were completely stopped, and whose foreign banking relations were severed, would find its life most severely burdened; and would surely conclude that it would be unwise to refuse merely to delay action while placing its case before the proposed council of conciliation, when such refusal would involve so radical a disturbance of its national life.

When we turn to the thought of those who hesitate to agree that war is an unmitigated evil, we hear again and again the claim that without occasional wars a people must lose its moral stamina, which is revivified by the discipline requisite to military efficiency. Here we are dealing again with what is surely a matter of assertion rather than of proof. We are indeed asked to note the devotion and self-sacrifice displayed by the idler or ne'er-do-well when he becomes part of a thoroughly disciplined fighting army; but we are prone to forget that these same fine characteristics would without doubt be called into being did we awaken the interest of these same men in some other ideal than that which calls upon them to engage their energies and intelligence in efforts to kill or maim their fellows.

And we are also asked to overlook the proverbial tendency to unbridled license on the part of the soldier in the intervals when this rigid military discipline is relaxed; and to blind ourselves to the certainty that the influences which yield these results must affect his character permanently, and must have their effect in times of peace.

But even if we agree that some form of rigid discipline is of vital importance to man's progress, which I myself am ready to grant, still it is clear that we have no warrant for the assumption that military discipline is the only effective form that can be devised to strengthen character. Yet the present-day agitation in the United States in favor of a largely increased army, where it is not due to mere fear, is based upon this unwarranted assumption.

It is instructive to note that this demand is loudly heard in certain of our great universities; and I imagine that it is the appreciation of the urgent need of stricter discipline among university students that leads to the enthusiastic support of the present-day "preparedness" programme by

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men of the professorial class. But do the university authorities themselves take all possible steps to develop this discipline which is quite within their control? Is it not because they, who should maintain it, have not done so that they would now shift upon the shoulders of military officers the work they themselves have failed to accomplish?

It is still more instructive to note that this demand for general military training in the interest of discipline is loudest in the very same communities that, in all our history, have been the centers of agitation in behalf of that liberty of individual initiative which must necessarily be greatly restricted by the special form of discipline required to produce an efficient army.

Our ancestors fled to this land beyond the sea that they might be free to develop this liberty of individual initiative; and it has been generally held that this action was one that embodied an ideal of progress. That the form of civilized government which we have adopted is in the nature of an experiment is of course to be acknowledged; but that it has been an experiment well worth putting to the test I think will be conceded. Disappointing as it has been in detail, it has yielded beneficent results which are patent to all in the persons of men who, born to the humblest walks of life, have gained such positions of social influence and social dignity as have been gained in no other land, and which presumably could not have been attained under any other influences.

Now it has been of the very essence of this governmental experiment that the conditions under which it was initiated, and has been carried out, have exempted us from the necessity of assuming the grievous burden of militarism. Protected as we have been by the broad ocean from the warlike nations of the old world, we stand as the only great nation that has ever been in a position to try this experiment in any thoroughgoing manner. And the question now before us is whether we are prepared to abandon our non-militarist policy, and thus endanger the successful fruition of our hope that we may perchance take some steps in the progress to which we look forward.

I am willing to concede, as I have above suggested, that we are faced with the risk that liberty may develop into license; and that we should seriously consider the means to be adopted to gain a restraining discipline that shall prevent such fatal development. But I see no reason why it should

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be assumed that no other equally effective form of discipline than that of military training can be devised.

We may do well to organize the resources of our land that we shall be prepared to meet some possible vital emergency. We may do well to compel our young men to undertake such physical and mental training as shall ensure their alertness, and bodily vigor, and endurance; and this by disciplinary methods which will accustom them to willing and unquestioning subjection, upon occasion, to control by recognized superiors; and which will make them ready to answer the call of the constituted authorities in any national emergency that may arise. But this is a very different matter from an organization, and a system of discipline, that force upon the attention of the individual man activities that have no value except in case of war.

Modern warfare is to a great extent a matter of complex machinery. A very large part of the service required of the soldier is altogether non-militaristic in its general character. Ability to render this service is not in any way bound up with training in the special acts that relate directly to the killing of an enemy, which requires a certain peculiar skill that may be gained, without too long delay, in case its need becomes urgent.

It is of course evident that our nation can no longer maintain that political isolation which was possible at the time our Government was founded, and under the conditions that then prevailed; and this apparently compels us to maintain a navy, and coast defenses, adequate to protect us from possible sudden aggressive assault. But the growth of a navy involves no such sinister danger as does the growth of an army. The elements of a navy are scattered over the sea. There is little risk of the formation of a dominant naval caste. A great army on the other hand is concentrated on the land, and has its constant influence upon the citizens; and its existence does tend to lead to the formation of a militaristic caste which may at any time become a dominant factor. We of course must maintain a sufficient army to ensure us against the danger of insurrection at home, or in our colonial domains, and to guard us from our ill-ordered Southern neighbor; but to go beyond that would be, in my view, to acknowledge that we are weakening in our conviction as to the value of our governmental experiment.

We are given to overlooking another fact in this con-

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nection. If we are provided with such a large and highly trained army as is called for by our extreme "preparedness" advocates, it is almost certain that Canada will also feel impelled to maintain an army of sufficient strength to meet any possible attack from us until such time as aid from her mother country can reach her. We shall then have the beginnings of the European conditions of "armed peace" which have there led to such great disasters, and which here are at least likely to lead to the emphasis of sources of disagreement between ourselves and our most prosperous neighbor—sources which have been minimized in the past mainly because neither they, nor we, have ever assumed warlike attack across the common border to be imminent, even if possible.

But it may be said, as I have heard it said, that there is little justification for ascribing the advantageous developments of individual men, of which I have spoken, to the successful realization of the governmental ideals our forefathers entertained, and attempted to enforce; that I am attributing these results to what has not been their efficient cause; "these results," it may be argued, "are due, not to the principle of individualistic freedom, but to exceptional opportunity. You are forgetful of the fact that our ancestors found themselves living in a land flowing with milk and honey, and had an unrestricted domain in which to expand. These facts in themselves suffice to account for the development of our national life on lines which have yielded the results you rejoice in. But these conditions are merely temporary; and as they change, the forms of our national life must of necessity change, even if this process carries with it loss of the values of which you speak. And this means that these forms of our national life must in the end come to resemble those that obtain in Europe, where the demands for economic and geographical expansion carry with them the necessity of a militaristic development."

To this contention it can only be answered that we are here again dealing with what is no more than a matter of opinion, and is in no manner susceptible of proof or disproof. We must agree that our ideal may possibly in the end fail to gain for us what it has gained in the past,—may fail to set us apart in the line of progress from the nations that have been born to mortal combat. But so long as proof or disproof is lacking, it seems to me quite worth while to

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persist in our governmental experiment until clearer indications of its supposititious fundamental weakness appear.

But our opponent may still persist with his objections. He may tell us that we are living in a dreamland; that we are thinking of human nature as though it were ordered according to our ideals and not as it actually exists; that it will be utterly impossible to continue indefinitely our experiment on the lines that seemed possible to our forefathers; that the demand for expansion, and the temptation to rob the rich, still remain dominant factors among the peoples of other lands; and that we, who have unoccupied territory, and who have accumulated large wealth, must be ready to meet present dangers of aggression, even if in so doing we find it necessary to abandon our experiment.

Now I am not prepared to grant without hesitation that this danger is as great as it is made to appear. Changes in the manner of action of great peoples have occurred in the past, and it seems to me that we may reasonably hope that the time is ripe for a change which will reduce the danger our "preparedness" advocates consider imminent.

But, even assuming that the demand for expansion, and the temptations to rob the wealthy, do prevail, and are encouraged by the leaders of the great Powers, are we to be led to abandon lightly, because of mere fear, a policy that has yielded beneficent results? Shall we not pause to ask how far our fear is warranted? Surely none of the nations now exhausting their resources in this terrible war is at all likely to be in position to attack us for many a year; and if after peace has come to them we discover signs of aggressive tendencies on their part, we shall then be able to prepare for defense at least as rapidly as they for attack. It seems to me that we can afford to face this danger for at least a few decades longer, to the end that our experiment, so nobly begun, may be put to the test for some little time more; and with the hope that our example may favorably affect the nations of whose aggression we are afraid.

But why should you think, it may be said, that full "preparedness" will yield the untoward result you describe? Simply for this reason: A great army could not be relied upon to do what it is feared it may have to perform, unless it were as efficient a machine as that of the greatest of the armies of the European states. To make it such would, as I have already said, involve the creation of an autocratic

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military caste, and this would in turn involve a change in the general behavior of our citizens in relation to this class. For modern psychology teaches us this, if nothing more—that a modification of behavior necessarily involves a correspondingly modified attitude of mind. If we could by magic transform ourselves to be as efficient in war as Germany now is we should discover our people displaying in large measure the same unfortunate characteristics which we today find so repugnant in the German people. Let us not run any such terrible risk; rather let us calm our fear of aggression, and resolve to do what we can in our own generation to maintain the policy which has at least been accompanied by, even if it has not directly produced, those aspects of our national life which we so greatly value.

It will require courage to continue this experiment of ours—a courage greater than is demanded in war; for we must face the unintelligent scorn of those who will claim that we are moved only by self-interest and cowardice, and are unwilling to do our part in the protection of civilization. But, in the interest of a continuance of this experiment, which has yielded such beneficent results as are patent to all, I am willing to see my country endure any such unjustified criticism, and willing to have her run the risks, such as they are, of aggression by those who are tempted to take advantage of our weakness in arms.

I am convinced that this great experiment will prove to be successful provided we have this courage—courage to appeal to the world, by practice as well as precept, in favor of peace. We surely will be unable to suggest the disarmament necessary to such an end if we ourselves are armed to the teeth. We cannot have our cake and eat it too. We must make a choice; and I, for one, would urge that we proclaim to the world, by our acts as well as by our words, that we believe the progress of man will best be assured by making such sacrifices as are necessary to the maintenance of enduring peace.

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

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A MODERN CONCEPTION OF GOD

BY THE REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM

ACCURATELY and adequately to define the modern conception of God is a discouragingly difficult task. It would be a far easier task to define the Augustinian or the Calvinistic conception of God, but that is unnecessary.

Subsequent to fetishistic and animistic ideas of powers which man dimly perceived, and to which he felt himself more or less subject, came personifications of those powers in bestial or human forms. Among most races polytheism developed and long held sway. At an early time polytheism took on a hierarchical character: to certain gods were ascribed greater power and higher authority than to others. Marduk in the Euphrates valley, Zeus in Greece, and Jupiter in Rome are familiar examples. Zeus was king of gods and men. Yet early—how early we do not exactly know—behind polytheism rose a shadowy theism, the idea of one supreme God to whom in some obscure way even the pantheon was subject. In polytheism we find also a tendency to a trinitarian grouping of gods, and in each threefold group one god who was at least *primus inter pares*.

Among the early Hebrews first appears a distinct theism in the worship of Jahweh with no trinitarian connotations. After a long and sometimes bloody struggle with surviving polytheistic ideas and practices, Jahvism finally triumphed in the sharply defined monotheism of the post-exilic Hebrews, or, as they now came to be called, Jews. The pre-Christian Jewish conception of God is too well known to require discussion here. This conception, represented but scarcely defined in the teaching of Jesus, passed on to the Christian Church. In the early (but not the earliest) Church this conception was expanded into a trinitarianism which had no place in the authentic teaching of Jesus, but which became dominant in the Church, and, with negligible excep-

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tions, has retained supremacy until recent times. Many thinkers value the trinitarian idea of God as a historical testimony to the endeavor of the Church to comprehend and express the fulness of the divine nature and the intimacy of the relation of God to man, but, as crassly expressed in the creeds, trinitarianism has passed out of the realm of philosophical thought on God.

Pantheism has long had a powerful attraction for many minds. In our time it is largely superseded by Monism. Pantheism was weak through its extensive identification of God with the universe. The formula, "God is all," interpreted as "God is everything," is unsatisfactory; the materiality of the thing swamps the spirituality of essential being. Monism escapes the *reductio ad absurdum* which lurks in pantheism by conceiving all things, not as identical with God, but as expressions of the one mind, the one energy, the one essential Ens in which, or in Whom, all reality has its base.

God is the *sub-stans* of all things. They exist because He exists and wills their existence. The old phrase is still valid: "In Him we live and have our being." Creation is the process through which God expresses and fulfils His own being. According to the Monistic idea there are not two entities, God and the universe, set over against each other, but one entity—eternal being—and the universe is the flowing objectification of the eternal thought and will. The universe stands to God as word to thinker, as deed to doer. Its infinite variety witnesses to the infinite fertility of the one Mind. Whatever we may say of this idea, it escapes the weakness of pantheism which identifies God with the thing.

The monistic conception of God permits and perhaps even necessitates the idea that nothing in fact or experience is entirely apart from God. Here is a divine drama of which God Himself is the protagonist. What is called evolution in Nature is but the sign of a process of divine self-realization and self-fulfilment. God, not man, not "angels and principalities," but God, occupies the centre of the stage, and all phenomena, physical and spiritual, are but parts of His role. The tragedy which man thinks is his own is his only in a wholly subordinate sense. The struggle is his only as he himself is a part or a feature of the divine experience. The triumph is his only as he is "portion and parcel" of the divine enterprise.

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This idea makes history a *via dolorosa,* not primarily for Christ nor for man, but for God, and it becomes for man a *via victoriosa* only because, through the divine self-fulfilment, it becomes a *via victoriosa* for God. The human consciousness recognizes and reports but dimly this co-partnership of the human with the divine; yet there are experiences which bring flashes of insight, at least penetrating surmises, that fill the human soul with astonishment and awe and sometimes with a momentary joy that is sharper than pain. In some deep and as yet uncomprehended sense God is not only *in* His world but also *of* His world. The experience of Jesus, which men have framed into a theory of piacular atonement, gives hints of a fellowship of man with God in the moral tragedy of life that sting us to thoughts for which the theologians never account, and to questions which they never answer.

Inevitably the question of personality rises. For many minds the sheer infinitude of God prevents them from ascribing to Him personality. Personality seems to them to imply limitation, and limitation of infinity is a denial of infinity. Perhaps we shall be helped in our thinking if we reflect that to most minds infinity is simply what etymologically the word means, that is, without end or limit. It is limitless extension of being. But what does that mean as applied to God? Does it mean that He fills infinite space and time? Again we are embarrassed and fettered by ideas which belong to the realm of the material, and in this realm infinity has no intelligible meaning. We speak sometimes of an infinite number, but the statement is self-contradictory. There can be no infinite number. A similar trouble arises when we endeavor to conceive of infinite space and infinite time. We are dealing with terms which baffle and confuse us. Let us try to conceive of infinite mind: It is intelligence that has no bounds. If God is infinite mind, then He must be more, for mind alone is not complete being.

What constitutes personality? In the familiar phrase of the school we speak of intellect, or power to know, sensibility, or power to feel, and will, or power to do, to initiate action. These coexisting in a single consciousness constitute what we know or what we conceive of as personality. To put the matter somewhat differently: The perception of reality demands intellect; the appreciation of reality as

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truth requires sensibility; the realization of truth as quality of being requires volition. Now intellect, sensibility, and will, without limitations of power to know, capacity to feel, and ability to will, seem to constitute an infinite personality. That is, the connotation of infinitude with personality is not at all incongruous or self-contradictory. Such must we think God to be. At least the human mind can conceive of no higher form of being than personality raised to the nth power. It would seem that a God who is impersonal must belong to an order of being lower than that of man, whose supreme distinction is that he *is* a person—a being who consciously thinks, feels and wills. A blind, unintelligent, passionless force may be great beyond our power to comprehend, yet such a force must be ranked lower in the scale of being than a person who is a spring of thoughts, feelings, and volitions.

What God thinks, how He feels, and what He purposes are the essential substance of revelation. The vehicles of revelation are the constitution of the universe, the order of nature and all the million-fold expression of human life in childhood and youth, in fatherhood and motherhood, in ideals and achievements, in aspirations and endeavors, in all the varying drama of human experience. Through his experience man is learning God. Through that experience God is revealing and expressing Himself; and the process is endless since God is infinite, unexhausted by the thousand milleniums of human existence.

Through this vast revealing process men learn that God is mind, for all the universe is woven of thought and all the relations of matter are thought-relations. They learn that God is law, and find the sanctions of law in the reactions which perpetually disclose themselves in both the physical and the moral realms. They learn that God is love through the deep sanctities of human love in husband and wife, in parent and child, in friend and friend. They learn that God is purpose through the purposive evolutions of humanity ever striving after higher perceptions of truth and fuller realizations of truth in civilization. And all this learning is interpretation of personality. Man cannot lose the idea of divine personality without wholly losing God; but that idea cannot be lost, since every attempt to substitute an infinite force as the sole basis and organic energy of the universe has failed to resist the involuntary reaction to the con-

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ception of infinite mind, and mind is as much a connotation of personality as personality is a connotation of mind.

Character also is a connotation of personality. What character shall be ascribed to God? In a sense God is the personification of human ideals: first of power, then of wisdom, then of justice, then of goodness or love. When men first conceived of God as holy,—in the original sense of the word, which meant separateness, unapproachableness,—a great step forward was taken; but not so great as when they first conceived of God as moral—that is, amenable to moral law as well as the origin of moral law. The heightening conception of God reacted on human minds, raising their ideal of character. Thus God became the spring of a progressive morality, or righteousness, in man; for his consciousness of God became also a consciousness of the supreme worth of righteousness and the commanding obligation which it imposed upon himself.

The prophet who had attained the highest conception of God, from the point of view of character, most greatly served his fellow men. This is the chief service of Jesus to the world: that he conceived of God as the absolutely just and benevolent Father of His creatures. This conception he expressed less in specific terms than in the entire import of his teaching, reinforced by his own disposition and action. More than any one else, he showed what God is like in disposition and action. The personality, the power, and the wisdom being assumed, he interprets the divine goodness in terms of human relationship and daily life.

It is true, doubtless, that Jesus is like God, and so far the Aryans were right; but the more important truth, correlative of this, is the truth that God is like Jesus. We do not need to go to the Fourth Gospel to know this. The Fourth Gospel says, "God so loved the world," and the presumptive author of that Gospel says explicitly, "God is love." Yet he was only interpreting the message which the synoptists long before had reported through the strength and sweetness of the personality of Jesus and the unvarying benevolence of his contacts with men, women and children, thus making an indelible impression of divine goodness present in kindred form. The Fourth Gospel makes Jesus say, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," and "I and the Father are one." The synoptists never make him say such words; they do not need to: his life speaks

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unmistakably of his intimate relation with God. But the Jesus of the Fourth Gospel is a sublime egotist, sublime but an egotist, wholly unlike the Jesus of the synoptists. It is not what Jesus says about himself, but what he shows himself to be in pure and humane and beautiful character, which evokes the thought that God must be like him.

Christendom has been a long time in effectually reaching this idea of God: namely, that in disposition and character He is like Jesus. The theologians formulated a conception of God and, ascribing coequal divinity to Jesus, said "Jesus is like God," and then, "Jesus is God," when there could scarcely be a greater difference—even disparity—than that between the Jesus of the synoptists and the God whom the theologians had fabricated. God was vindictive: Jesus was wholly without vindictiveness. God was inexorable: Jesus was full of sympathy and compassion. God could forgive the sinner only when the sin was expiated: Jesus forgave with an absolution that was a cleansing and healing bath. God condemns the wicked to eternal torment: Jesus prays for his murderers.

It is the unlikeness of God to Jesus which the Church has officially maintained that has been one of the chief hindrances to the triumph of the Gospel. It falsified the Gospel by its misrepresentation of God. The God of theology is remote and forbidding: Jesus is near and inviting.

> Closer is he than breathing,
> Nearer than hands and feet.

Through Jesus, the soul may see God, because God is like Jesus in those qualities which are essential to a moral being. For this interpretative service Jesus needs no apotheosis which instantly removes him from a close human touch with mankind. A revelation of the highest moral qualities does not call for infinite dimensions of being. The moral quality of God may show itself perfectly in a man in whom God is perfectly immanent.

Thus we have arrived at a conception of God which ascribes to Him personality without limits on power to know, to feel, and to will. The universe witnesses to Him, unmistakably evincing universal mind and law and progressive purpose. The moral evolution of mankind impels reason to see in God the source of ever rising moral ideals, and the testimony of the greatest moral persons, of whom

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Jesus is chief, verifies and extends the vision. The deeper experiences of the human soul cause it to repel the old notion of a static deity, an impassible infinitude of being with which humanity can come into no appreciable relations. It seeks for a God who is not remote from mankind—who is so near, indeed, that the wide sweep and measureless stretch of human experience in some mysterious way is also the experience of God, and that, through the fulfilment of the life of beings whom He has created, God is finding His own self-realization and self-fulfilment. The tragedy is man's because it is God's: hence the idea and inevitableness of destiny; the triumph also is man's because it is God's.

No thought is more deeply rooted in the mind of today than the thought of the divine immanence. Are we not beginning to see that the divine immanence means much more than we have realized and is freighted with consequences vaster than we have dreamed? The old theological battles have lost their zest because they have lost their meaning. The faint light of a new dawn trembles on the horizon. Let us look up and face the East.

PHILIP S. MOXOM.

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PROHIBITION AND CIVILIZATION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

PROHIBITION, as a policy, has had a great deal of public attention, but the kind of civilization connoted by prohibition has had very little. This is unfortunate, because the general civilization of a community is the thing that really recommends it. The important thing to know about Kansas, for instance, is not the statistics of prohibition—as most writers on the subject seem to think—but whether one would really want to live there, whether the peculiar type of civilization that expresses itself through prohibition is really attractive and interesting.

The Reverend Floyd Keeler, for example, writing in the July *Atlantic,* devotes a whole article to proving that, in Kansas, prohibition does prohibit, within limits. This is not without interest, of course; still, it would seem much more interesting and truly practical to tell us what life is like under a general social theory of negation and repression: for such is what life in Kansas comes to. That, after all, is the determining test. Burke says—and I earnestly commend his words to the advocates of our grand new policy of Americanization, whatever that means: "There ought to be in every country a standard of manners that a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. *For us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely.*" No one can fail to remark, in the present war, the immensely superior spirit of the French in defense of a truly lovely civilization. The final test, indeed, of any civilization,—the test by which ultimately it stands or falls,—is its power of attracting and permanently interesting the human spirit.

Concerning Kansas, therefore, the question is not whether prohibition prohibits, but whether, under prohibition, the general civilization is such as "a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish." Kansas, as I showed in my

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former paper, is essentially Puritan: and the secret of Puritanism's downfall was in its failure to meet this test. An English critic of Puritanism gives a vivid example of the precise line of criticism by bidding us imagine Shakespeare and Virgil coming over on the *Mayflower,* and think what intolerably bad company they would have found the Pilgrim Fathers! William James was probably as distinguished a lover of the humane life as America ever produced; and we all remember with amusement his naïve cry of relief at leaving the vapid and orderly perfections of Chautauqua, that vast playground of middle-class Puritanism. Well, similarly, one has but to imagine some disinterested lover of human perfection like William James making a candid examination of the civilization of Kansas, and one knows at once what the verdict would be. It is beside the point to say that Kansans would not agree to this verdict: that Governor Capper, who "really knows Kansas," would repudiate it: that Mr. William Allen White would treat it lightly and Mr. Walt Mason make a jingle about it. There is a standard set for such matters by the best reason and judgment of mankind; and in any disinterested estimate of a civilization, a verdict of William James would be apt to come nearer the mark of general human experience than one of Governor Capper or Mr. Mason, or even, probably,—though I do not like to think so,—than one of the accomplished Mr. White.

By far the greater part of the power and permanence of a civilization resides in its charm. It is surely noticeable, for instance, that wherever French civilization once strikes root, it remains forever. The border provinces, the Province of Quebec and our own State of Louisiana, are as obstinately and unchangeably French as ever they were. The reason is that French civilization satisfied the human instinct for what is amiable, graceful and becoming, and men cleave to it. It appeals to them as something lovely and desirable, rather than as something merely rational and well-ordered, which is the chief appeal of the German type. Under the State Socialism of Germany one is continually confronted with the social relations and consequences of practically every move one makes. The principle of prohibition is extended to cover an endless range of conduct (though, significantly, drink is exempt). The home scheme of social life is ordered with excellent and obvious rationality, but it is devoid of charm, it has no savor, and all its reasonableness

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cannot make up for the deficiency, cannot make the normal spirit really enjoy it. One feels the same restlessness and perverseness under it that William James declared he felt under the régime at Chautauqua. One doubts whether such smooth-running social order is worth having at the price. I remember some years ago, after a long time spent in observing the ghastly perfections of German municipal machinery, I came home ready to rejoice in the most corrupt, ring-ridden and disreputable city government that I could find in America, if only I might draw a free breath once more and forget the infinity of things that are *verboten*.

Such is the universal perversity of human nature, and it is something to be reckoned with. In my mind, it has always been the one insuperable objection to Socialism. The Socialists are at a loss to see why we do not all fall in at once with their orderly and rational scheme, just as Mr. Keeler, speaking in the *Atlantic* for the people of Kansas, wonders why we do not all fall in with prohibition. The answer is the same in both cases. Men look at the essentially Socialistic civilization and the essentially Puritan civilization, give them due credit, acknowledge their virtues, and then pass them by. Nay, further: we look at the type of people produced by these civilizations, we consider them attentively, and then make up our minds quite firmly that no amount of social benefit would be worth having if we had to become like them in order to get it.

The civilization of Socialism, however, is rational. It has that sound merit, just as civilization of one Latin type has the merit of beauty and amiability. But Puritan civilization has neither. It has all the flat hideousness of Socialism, without the rationality which Socialism has managed to redeem by its contact with great world-currents of thought. Puritanism is essentially a hole-and-corner affair, with its arid provincialism untempered by contact of any kind. Its ideals are grotesque and whimsical; its methods are unintelligent—the methods of dragooning. Mr. Keeler must forgive my plain speaking; it comes of a sincere desire to resolve his doubts about the sanity or integrity of the brute mass of us who look unmoved on the progress of prohibition in Kansas. We cannot accept prohibition without accepting the civilization that goes with it, for prohibition cannot stand on any other soil. To get even the attenuated benefit of prohibition in Kansas, our community-life must become more or

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less like that of Kansas, and we ourselves more or less like Kansans; and this is wholly impossible and unthinkable.

Indeed, it is from precisely this condition that the general spirit of America is struggling to emerge. The original implantation of Puritanism, with all its crudeness and rawness and lack of imagination, for a long time dominated our life and narrowed our ideals. But its influence is rapidly passing away. As evidence of this, it is most encouraging to note the disappearance of the old unintelligent forms of partisanship and sectarianism, and the steady fixture of the right of final private judgment upon public affairs. Our institutions have become more rational, flexible and responsive, and our methods more enlightened. Even in our prison and police methods we have already swung a long way from the Puritan theory of punishment towards the more civilized theory of reclamation.

Along with these changes there has come the perception that society should leave to each person an ever-increasing maximum portion of his own life to regulate for himself. This is not only true with reference to organized or statutory interference, but with reference to the arbitrary and unreasoning pressure of public opinion. The Puritan theory of "thy brother's keeper" has been largely disallowed. We scarcely realize the extent of these wholesome changes in our social life until our attention is called to them by some recrudescence of the Puritan spirit. Not long ago, for instance, the Superintendent of Police in Chicago swore in half a dozen policewomen to suppress what Mr. Howells once called "public billing and cooing" in the parks. Some members of the Virginia legislature put in a bill to ban the short skirt and low-cut waist. The time was, not more than twenty-five or thirty years ago, when whimsies and antics like these on the part of public officials went almost unquestioned—when our theory of public office was practically that of a New England village beadle in Colonial times. Now, however, they appear to us as morbid and silly extravagance, carrying their own sufficient condemnation in their sheer absurdity. And yet it is well worth while to note such happenings, because they indicate the temper of Puritanism so clearly, and show the length of nonsensical hypocrisy to which it is ready to go.

The advocates of prohibition ought to get a clear grasp of the fundamental objection to their theory, and meet it

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with something more substantial than feeble talk about the influence of "the liquor interests." Our objection is to Puritanism, with its false social theory taking shape in a civilization that, however well-ordered and economically prosperous, is hideous and suffocating. One can at least speak for oneself: I am an absolute teetotaler, and it would make no difference to me if there were never another drop of liquor in the world; and yet to live under any régime of prohibition that I have so far had opportunity to observe would seem to me an appalling calamity. The ideals and instruments of Puritanism are simply unworthy of a free people, and, being unworthy, are soon found intolerable. Its hatreds, fanaticisms, inaccessibility to ideas; its inflamed and cancerous interest in the personal conduct of others; its hysterical disregard of personal rights; its pure faith in force, and above all, its tyrannical imposition of its own *Kultur:* these characterize and animate a civilization that the general experience of mankind at once condemns as impossible, and as hateful as it is impossible.

The drink problem is, as I said in my former paper in the REVIEW, by no means a problem of the first order, and it is perfectly open to a solution that is rational and consistent with a type of civilization appropriate to this country. It can be solved by a process analogous to the "Safety First" movement directed against the far more important problem of industrial accidents, or like the movement for a "safe and sane" Fourth of July. These reforms were effected in perfectly cool temper, without any rampant orgy of law-making, and without involving any reflection on either our national dignity or intelligence. Contrast them, for instance, with our ill-considered and ineffectual handling of the problem of the white slave traffic, resulting in the stupidities of the Mann Act—the most efficient agent of blackmail, probably, that any Government ever devised. There is no reason why the United States might not become a sufficiently temperate nation without the sacrifices required by prohibition.

Why might not some State, for instance, make a simple experiment in differential taxation; and with that, why might not some community take up the problem of retail distribution,—the saloon problem,—with seriousness and commonsense, providing such a type of resort as exists everywhere on the Continent and is being introduced in Eng-

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land? Such a policy as this is constructive, not negative, and, when laid down, is done with once for all. A graded tax bearing very heavily on high alcoholic content, and a method of retail distribution modelled after the Public-House Trust: if any State should make this constructive experiment, it would be interesting to compare the results with those that are to be observed in Kansas or in any other State that has embarked on a course of prohibition.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

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WHAT ARE COLLEGES FOR?

BY CHARLES UPSON CLARK

An indignant college graduate of thirty years ago, who finds that his friend's son has come home with the A. B. of that same college and no appreciable education or culture, has recently precipitated a long discussion in the alumni journal of the college in question. This college, like most others, has already recognized the inadequacy of the elective system, and has a committee at work on a revision of its curriculum.

Everywhere we see the same phenomenon. But its causes lie deeper than any mere reorganization of college courses can reach; and the situation is far more serious than is generally admitted. I propose here to point out three demoralizing factors which must be studied and as far as possible neutralized, or, at least, modified. The first is the elective system; the second, the rapid growth of the movement for a "practical"—meaning, generally, a vocational—education; the third and most serious, the luxuriant growth of "extra-curriculum activities," particularly social, athletic, and dramatic, which has been fostered by the elective system and by timidity on the part of school and college administrators.

Everybody knows that a considerable share of college students pick out what are called "snap" courses, in order to give themselves leisure for what they hold as the more important side of college life. The man referred to above gave a list of the scattered subjects taken by his friend's boy in college; and those who knew smiled at the "cinch" course which the boy laid out. It is a fact that when a new instructor appears in a presumably easy subject like English, Economics, or History, a few "scouts" elect his courses in order to be able to gauge them at their true

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value. I remember the exultation of one of these prospectors as he shouted to me: "Botany Z 25 [let us say] is a grand course; here 'tis after Christmas, and we haven't yet had to get even a note-book."

The fact that so many elect these "snap" courses, combined with the undergraduate's intense desire to do what everybody else does, makes them almost a required curriculum; and that gave point to what a college graduate once said to me with a straight face: "I wish the 'snap' courses weren't so awfully dull."

The college administrations have vigorously aided this demoralization by judging a new instructor in general by the numbers he attracts without always investigating the causes. I have in mind one case where an instructor taught a language for Freshmen and also for Sophomores. At the time of the election of courses, he used always to tell his Freshmen: "You have had a year of my views and methods. One thing you come here for is to get different views and methods from specialists; so, much as I enjoy working with you, I advise you strongly for your own good to continue this subject with one of the three other instructors who teach it to Sophomores." This man was also a great believer in memorizing, and made his Sophomores learn many poems by heart, which none of the others did. He was soon notified by his superiors that he must be considered a failure as a Freshman teacher, because fewer of his Freshmen elected him in Sophomore year than was the case with the other Freshman-Sophomore instructors.

Furthermore, the genuine student is confronted with minor, but real troubles, like the conflicts of hours brought about by the excessive number of courses offered; the fact that certain courses come Saturday or Monday morning, whereas his parents are anxious for him to come home often for a week-end; and others come in the afternoon, a time which his foot-ball or crew duties make highly inconvenient. Then he is generally eager to save time in his preparation for a profession, and works one or even two years of his legal, medical, or pedagogic training into his college experience.

The elective system, then, needs thorough overhauling; and I shall later present a tentative college course to take its place. But we must first face the problem of the cleavage established between the colleges and the schools by the move-

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ment toward vocational education. For years our Eastern colleges have been worried by the decreasing number of applicants from high schools (especially Western high schools); and the State Universities have been distressed by the increasing number of what a Wisconsin friend of mine calls "barbarians." The principle which some Western Commissioners of Education are trying to establish is that any subject taught by any high school in the State should be accepted by the State University as an entrance unit. Some of our old endowed universities have gone far on this road; one of them accepts blacksmithing, woodworking and chipping, filing and fitting, as proofs of readiness for culture. At least one of the colleges which still cling to entrance examinations has come very near adopting a system allowing high school graduates to present certificates for some part of their work.

These efforts of the colleges deserve our sincere sympathy. They have regarded themselves as the natural complement of the high schools; and they are trying to accommodate themselves to the great change which is passing over the latter. Why not admit now that the effort is hopeless? A generation of parents which has observed that the boy in overalls is better paid than the boy in "store clothes," and that the girl who can take dictation gets a better job than the poorly-trained teacher, insists that the high schools —nay, even the grammar schools—abandon mathematics, languages, literature, and history, and teach trades and preparation for minor places in business. The pressure exerted by these parents has made our superintendents and principals discover how well suited vocational training is to the needs of the children of the American proletariat and lower middle class; and if vocational high schools do give the foreman better apprentices and the business man better-trained stenographers and clerks, *c'est déjà quelque chose*. But we must recognize clearly that a college has a liberal education as its aim, while a vocational high school is designed to turn out boys and girls who can earn money immediately without further training. The college has a qualitative and ideal standard; the high school—possibly wisely—more and more of the quantitative and mercenary. High schools will remain instruments of higher culture, awakeners of a love for the noble and the beautiful, only where a large and well-educated community demands it; otherwise the "practical"

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interests will inevitably get the upper hand; and if you or I wish our children sometime to know Plato and Dante, Adam Smith, and Edward Gibbon, we must send them for their early training to one or other of the numerous excellent private schools which the exigency has brought into being throughout the land.

The colleges, therefore, are undertaking a hopeless task in trying to lower their requirements to the achievements of the vocational high school. Furthermore, they are playing false to the noble men and women who are trying to keep their own high schools true to the old ideals of character-building rather than money-earning; for the chief argument they can employ is: "If we have no courses in Geometry or Virgil or French, we cannot prepare our boys and girls for Princeton or Bryn Mawr."

No, the colleges must not merely avoid lowering their standards: they need to raise their present terms of admission. The Rockefeller Foundation has pointed out in detail the inadequacy of the present requirements. The certificate system is *a priori* a failure in its prime purpose, which is, to assure the college that the incoming Freshmen may continue their education without loss of time in being "licked into shape." No two schools have the same standard; and in some schools, alas, certificates "*have* to be given." I know of one large New England high school where a boy who had flunked his mathematics was nevertheless certified for college because his father was so important politically that it would not do to withhold the certificate. Great diversity of attainment is the sure sequel of the certificate system.

But the examination system does not give much better results, so long as the colleges allow entrance with four or five conditions, and permit students to extend the examination over several years. There are always boys in knee-trousers at the entrance examinations, taking their first try at subjects which they may pass and then forget altogether in the three or four years before they enter. Then the examinations are far too easy. When a summer tutoring school can advertise that of ninety final candidates whom it prepared, eighty-nine were admitted, it is high time to jack up the requirements. I had recently in my own tutoring school a boy who had flunked four courses of the Junior year of a large Eastern institution of learning. One of these

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courses was Advanced German. Not only had he never passed the entrance requirement in German, but he had never studied the subject at all! He had passed the entrance examinations in English; but he confided to me that he had read but one book in his life except those required in school or college; that this was "a red book" called *The Girl and the Bill;* that it had taken him all summer to read it, and that he never intended to read another. A most distinguished recent accession to the staff of one of our oldest colleges told me he was unable to guess how a large share of his Seniors had managed to get into college, and in his judgment a raising of the entrance requirements was the chief need of the college in question (which is reputed among tutors to be the hardest of all colleges for students to enter). I could fill these pages with anecdotes to illustrate my point; but I shall add only one—the advice given me fifteen years ago by the most distinguished tutor of that day at his college, now an honored professor and well-known scientist in that institution: "In preparing boys for English A, never allow them to read the books. It merely confuses them and wastes time. Coach them carefully in the plot of each book and the names of the characters; and make them learn by heart, with exact attention to the spelling and paragraphing, several short compositions on each book. Then they will be sure to pass!"

To my mind, there should be not only harder examinations, but either a recognition of the principle that men shall not enter college with more than one condition, or that the number entering shall be limited. The latter expedient in particular would make many a school athlete or social light more attentive to his work.

But I have not yet touched upon the greatest demoralizing factor—one which is now perhaps as effective in school as in college. The student (and perhaps the professor) is uncertain what constitutes a liberal education; but he knows that an election to the Ball and Chain Society, to the membership or managership of an athletic team, or the floor-walkership (so to speak) of the Junior Promenade, is something definite and tangible, and carries with it not merely honor and renown, but the satisfaction of "helping one's Alma Mater"—a satisfaction denied to the student who haunts the library and whose ambitions center in the essentially selfish distinction of a Phi Beta Kappa key.

To render any curriculum reform effective, some steps

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must be taken to make students attend to business. As matters drift nowadays, a well-intentioned boy finds himself required by one student organization to report for three or four hours every afternoon during many weeks for strenuous exercise; by another, to report two evenings a week for a two-hour social function; and often he is called upon by others. If the college is to hold the respect of thoughtful parents, it must insist that no student is to give daily over two hours of his precious time to extra-curriculum activities. The ideal would be to make the course so stiff that there would be no time beyond that needed for exercise and reasonable social intercourse; but the easy-going instructors, who, under the elective system, set the pace for the others, will not change greatly overnight; so perhaps joint action by deans and student organizations is necessary. It may be as futile to expect a football or dramatic coach to give up his men for their studies during part of their time as it was to expect Austria and Russia to demobilize; but like disaster will overtake higher education unless arbitration steps in now. Perhaps the severest criticism of our present curriculum is that made by boys who say, and justly: "My football (or dramatic) training was the most valuable single experience of my college life."

Having now escorted our non-vocational student unconditionally past the entrance requirements, what shall we offer him? He knows some mathematics, a little history, some English, a little Latin and French or German—perhaps all three. We wish to make him accurate and thorough; a wide and critical observer; familiar with methods of research and investigation, and used to consulting and enjoying books; aware that, in the words of one of New York's ablest lawyers, "there is no satisfactory substitute for knowledge"; appreciative of art, music, and *belles-lettres;* well-grounded in history; and able at least to read the chief European languages.

Our colleges now generally require some fifteen hours of recitations or lectures a week, and allow eighteen or twenty. It would be desirable to raise the requirement to eighteen hours, so that seventy-two or seventy-five shall be needed for graduation. That involves raising the tuition fee—a change long impending, and calling for no discussion. Our Freshman will therefore have to take six courses of three hours a week. One of these will naturally be English

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—mainly composition and debating, with guidance in general reading. Training in expression should be the keynote to this general elementary course. The other five courses should also continue and supplement work begun in school. The boy should continue his Latin, or continue or begin Greek; as the languages of our civilization and literature in their earlier stages, they form an indispensable background for any comprehensive view of our modern life. He should continue Mathematics, taking normally Mechanics and Trigonometry—nothing better for mental training has yet been devised. He should begin Chemistry, and realize the component elements of his surroundings; if he is already grounded in Chemistry, he may continue it or commence Biology, the field of the last century's great triumphs. He must keep on with his French or German; if proficient in both, he may begin Spanish or Italian. His previous study of History should be enriched and consolidated by a thorough general course in European History, assimilating important outstanding facts and investigating some problem, under competent direction.

In Sophomore year, the English course should amplify and intensify the earlier work in expression—a task often handed over, and not wisely, to debating and dramatic coaches and "Lit." editors. Lectures should give a comprehensive view of the world's literary forms and history—the epic, drama, novel; and preceptorial supervision should guide the reading and discussion. Latin should introduce the student to Tacitus, Horace, and Catullus, and give him some idea of the treasures of medieval literature. Greek should take him to Homer, or, if he is more advanced, to the Attic dramatists. One of these courses may be relegated to Junior year. A broad and thorough course in Physics is essential. Biology should be insisted on, if he has not already had it. French or German should again be required; and the courses in these languages may serve not only linguistic, but also high literary or historical aims. Then our Sophomore may reasonably choose between Spanish and Economics (preferably Economic Debates).

Our Junior need not be tied so closely to a schedule. He must, however, continue French or German; he should study Psychology and Geology, and take American History (with Civics). He may then choose what he wishes for the remaining half of his time; but the college should make every effort

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to avoid the extravagant lavishness of courses, particularly in English, Economics, and History, which burdens its budget at present.

The Senior should study Anthropology, and take some general course in Philosophy. He should also follow a course in the general history of Art. If, at the close of Junior year, he has not passed satisfactory examinations in French and German, he should take the subject in which he is deficient.

Having spent his four years in this fashion, our college graduate will have something well-rounded to show for his B. A.; a foundation on which to build in his later study and observation; a vantage-point from which to judge and criticize; and an equipment which will help him intelligently to appreciate life and men. And that I conceive to be the chief aim of the college.

CHARLES UPSON CLARK.

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IN MEMORIAM: JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE RILEY BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

BY GEORGE HARVEY

FOREWORD BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

SHORTLY after the 1915 birthday festivities of James Whitcomb Riley at Indianapolis, it was my privilege to visit Riley at his home on Lockerbie Street. In his aftermath comment concerning the happy event, his heart seemed to overflow with gratitude toward those who had been "so kind" to him. He was especially appreciative of the tribute paid to him in the address delivered at the celebration by Colonel George Harvey, and he said to me:

"You know, it was so strange that a man whom I had seen so little, personally, should analyze my work so profoundly. I do not think I deserved it, but I am none the less grateful. It makes every day of my life now seem like a pleasant dream. It just seems as if the strength was given me to enjoy to the fullest that glorious birthday."

After the publication of Colonel Harvey's tribute in my magazine, I received the following letter from the poet:

MIAMI, FLORIDA, January 15, 1916.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE:

Your magazine for January came last night, and I have read the Birthday Party article of yours over and over again, with a fresher interest and a deeper sense of gratitude to you and your kind heart.

While your generous comments I can but think far in excess of my deserving, I find it no less pleasant to accept, and am and ever will be your ever thankful friend.

In like measure I am beholden to the kindly offices and eloquence of Colonel Harvey. Truly a masterly tribute, from genesis to ulti-

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mate finish; and how I shall be able ever to adequately thank either him or you is quite beyond my conjecture.

Most gratefully and faithfully your friend,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW will, I know, welcome the opportunity of reading the following reprint of Colonel Harvey's tribute.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

Why is James Whitcomb Riley?

One of the clearest proofs of the Scriptural declaration that the ways of the Lord passeth understanding is to be found in the wonder which we all feel from time to time that so many of our acquaintances should have been created at all. Incidentally, it is a safe assumption that they too suffer like bewilderment respecting our own superior selves. But the speculation is always interesting, and indulgence in it for a few moments tonight may not be destitute of profit. In any case, it possesses the merit of beginning at the foundation and building or reasoning upward. We all know why Mr. Fairbanks is, and Mr. Beveridge and Senator Kern and Governor Ralston, because they have been unable upon occasion to prevent their friends from enlightening us.

But why is James Whitcomb Riley? That is the question. So far as nomenclature is concerned, I can deduce the "Riley" from certain Celtic whimsicalities that I have read, and I infer that the "James Whitcomb" has to do with the distinguished statesman whose statue I saw today in the public square. But we must go deeper than that. What is his genesis as an artist, as a genius, and, as I have heard him depicted, as the only unsophisticated voter in Indiana?

Is it environment? Possibly, in part. Primarily, all countries comprised broadly three distinct regions—a maritime region, an agricultural region and a pastoral region—and the characteristics of a people are determined usually by the requirements of their location. The resident of the belt along the shore, pursuing the line of least resistance in seeking sustenance, becomes a fisherman, and that occupation being notably precarious, he grows to be hardy, resolute, bold, disdainful of danger. The shepherd of the hills, too, being charged with the protection of his flock, acquires a warring disposition and, breathing an atmosphere of loneli-

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ness, grows moody and imaginative. Men's chivalry and inspiration are associated traditionally with the highlands, as by the imagery of the Jews, whose first law-giver received divine tuition from the mountain-top, by the Greeks whose Zeus ruled from Olympus, by the German barons and by the Scottish chiefs.

It is the inhabitant of the plains who becomes tranquil and thoughtful, a lover of peace, to whom the welfare of family, of neighbors, and of friends is of first consideration. So it is that, in our own country, despite the vaunted influences of our great cities and the restiveness among our hills, the seat of real power and of truest Americanism is the vast plain stretching from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. And so it may be that the songs of Riley are attuned, in a measure, by mere propinquity and usualness, to the joyous notes of the robin rather than to the shrill cries of the eagle and the gull.

But environment only moulds; it cannot make; no more than evolution, which even as depicted by Darwin and Spencer is nothing else than development of a force, whose origin cannot be determined by human reason. What that force is, whether it is of nature or of divinity, is a moot question, but there can be no doubt of one thing: that is, that there lives in every normal human nature a divine quality which takes the form of hunger to create—not merely to achieve, but to originate, to bring into actual being. Undoubtedly it is to that impulse struggling, helplessly in all seeming, but irresistibly, in the breast of the little Hoosier lad, that you owe the honor tonight of claiming as your own, not only the best beloved of poets, but the only one now living who is in truth unique.

I say unique, because I know of none living and can think of none dead with whom comparison, in the accepted sense of the term, can be made with any sense of surety. Literary achievement rests upon compelled recognition of one of three bases: craftsmanship, talent, or a gift. Each possesses its own field and makes its own appeal; seldom is one combined with another. To avert conceivable charges of invidiousness from among the living intellectuals, notably in a community so highly cultivated as this, we may instance Addison as at least eminently the master of his craft, and Mark Twain as no less surely the mind of talent. You would not think of classifying Riley with either in any particular or

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from any viewpoint. He has been compared recently by a competent critic with Whittier, and in some respects the parallel seems to be warranted. To each was accorded the power of interpreting with striking fidelity the thoughts and feelings of his own people. Upon both was bestowed that rarest and most precious of inheritances—the gift, the gift that comes straightway from God. But there the parallel ends. Whittier's insight was distinctively spiritual. Riley's understanding, although no less crystal-like in its purity, is of the emotions. Whittier's was the Puritan God—a blending of perfection and austerity. Riley's is the God of the plains—generous, kindly, considerate, sympathetic; if not divinely human, at least humanly divine. Whittier's appeal was to the cultivated spirit. Riley's is to the very nature of the being. As we of New England revered our finest of poets from a distance, so with a like fittingness may you well, as you are doing tonight, take yours to your hearts in love and tenderness.

It is good that this memorable, this unprecedented tribute should be paid. It is good for you. It is good for us from afar whom you have permitted to join in glad recognition. It is good for the State to show that a prophet may not be without honor in his own country. It is good for the Nation, particularly at this time, when, so it seems to me, we should, above all things, hold America and Americans first in our thoughts.

And, believe me, it is good for Riley. I can think of but one thing better—but one gathering more harmonious with so beautiful a purpose. My imagination pictures a vast stadium fashioned by Nature upon the face of the Earth—a mighty bowl covered with greenest sward, stretching up to the rim as far as the eye can see and peopled with countless thousands of little children with faces radiating undying gratitude and everlasting joy. And as a preliminary of this celebration I would have enacted a tragedy—yes, sir, a literary tragedy. I would have the bigger boys emerge from the grove of trees at one side with the Gobble-uns captured and in chains. And I would have them drag the Gobble-uns through the multitude of shrieking boys and cheering girls and delighted tots barely from the cradle to the far end of the great amphitheatre and drown them—yes, sir, drown those Gobble-uns, drown 'em dead, dead, dead in the old swimmin' hole. And then I would have the myriad of sturdy lads and

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little women in their prettiest frocks—the myriad not merely of this day but of countless generations yet to come, greater in number than the mind can comprehend—take their places on the grassy slopes of the great bowl and stand in perfect silence till a trapdoor at the bottom should be lifted and from the cavity should emerge the figure of their beloved. And at a given signal the wonderful orchestra of millions of robins should burst into song and the myriads of children should wave a salute such as would fetch the tears a-streaming down the face of him whom we honor tonight—such a tribute, my friends, as no poet and no man has ever won before in the whole history of the world which he has made so happy.

For myself, in closing, but a word of sincere gratitude for being permitted to come here and share with you the joy of this occasion. I have but one hope in mind. It is that when the time shall come for me to leave this very good world for one that may be better or may be worse, I may feel that it will not be taken amiss if I turn my fading eyes towards Lockerbie Street and murmur softly, but in all the tenderness of great affection, those classic words:

"Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

GEORGE HARVEY.

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TWO WOODSMEN

BY EDITH WYATT

I

EAST and West, we in America have had a unique piece of good fortune: the poetry of our most distinguished and beautiful possession, our country's great forests, has been expressed for us by two men of genius in the sincere tones of Henry David Thoreau and John Muir.

Perhaps the most essential quality of poetry, rhymed or rhymeless, is that it be truly lived in the spirit of the singer: that it be indeed the living word. East is East and West is West. Various are the voices of these two woodsmen. But in one way, very markedly, they reveal a kindred manner: each speaks with epic swiftness of his way of life.

"I went to the woods," says Thoreau, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. . . I wanted . . . to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the whole world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

In the pursuit of happiness by this design Thoreau started seventy years ago on an adventure originally fascinating as the story of Crusoe, and of increasing interest from an accident of history. For people feel a greater practical need of simplicity today than in the forties, or, to go only a step further back, greater than they could have felt in the age of Elizabeth. One learns with surprise that Shakespeare wrote in praise of Arden from a London of about the same

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population as that of Omaha. This may give us a bird's-eye and impressionistic glimpse of the rapid multiplicity of complications. Even a foreground as near to us as that of Emerson's biographical sketches of the Concord contemporaries of Thoreau seems to show us the charm of ways beautifully wide-spaced for contemplation and reflection. Surely our own civilization is far more in want of a clearing.

Always an implement of excellent quality for this purpose, the story of Walden has now a keener edge than when it was first borrowed by the world. It will cleave through a thicker growth of superfluities and of trivial acquisitions.

"Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber." As specific in manner as Caesar's *Gallic Wars* is Thoreau's biography of his two years in this house. None, I suppose, will deny that they were successful, and that he lived well here. "It is remarkable," he says elsewhere, "that there is little or nothing to be remembered written on the subject of getting a living; how to make getting a living not merely honest and honorable, but altogether inviting and glorious; for if *getting* a living is not so, then living is not."

Thoreau, then, got his living by planting about two acres of deserted and over-grown clearing. Here he sowed. Here he hoed and weeded. "I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in a year, I could meet all the expenses of living. The whole of my Winters, as well as of my Summers, I had free and clear for study."

Reading a little more closely, one perceives that even this amount of necessary toil is over-stated: and that he labored only in the mornings of six weeks. It would be difficult to find a more graphic record of an experience of pleasure than Thoreau's chronicle of his work in his bean field. In sheer unpretentious rhythm of physical impression it is like a series of distinguished Japanese color prints—such as this image of a bird above him: "The hawk is aerial brother of the wave which he sails over and surveys, these his perfect air-inflated wings answering to the elemental unfledged pinions of the sea."

Is it so easy, one asks then, to maintain oneself in a man-

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ner inviting and glorious? And instantly one perceives that it is not, of course, so easy. To cut the knot you must not only have a sword, but be Alexander. The reason why most people could never live with this classic ease, power and simplicity is because they are not so classic, so leisurely, so powerful or simple as Thoreau.

Even bodily, most of us are of inferior make. Our senses are hopelessly slower. The stories of the acuteness of Thoreau's perceptions make one feel oneself to be a mere purblind and blundering sleep-walker through the universe. He could detect the odor of a pipe of tobacco three hundred yards away. He could find his way through the woods as rapidly at night by the evidence of his feet as with his eyesight in the daytime. He could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with a rod and chain. Emerson says of his companion that he saw as with a microscope: heard as with an ear-trumpet; that his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard; and that every fact lay in glory in his mind.

His presentation is as exact and sharp as the foot-print Crusoe found upon the beach; and it is always oriented in creation. "When first I took up my abode in the woods, that is, began to spend my nights as well as days there, which, by accident, was on Independence Day, or the Fourth of July, 1845, my house was not finished for Winter, but was merely a defense against the rain, without plastering or chimney, the walls being of rough weather-stained boards, with wide chinks, which made it cool at night. The upright, white-hewn studs and freshly planed door and window casings gave it a clean and airy look, especially in the morning. . . To my imagination it retained throughout the day more or less of this auroral character, reminding me of a certain house on a mountain which I had visited a year before. This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a traveling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments. The winds which passed over my dwelling were such as sweep over the ridges of mountains, bearing the broken strains or celestial parts only, of terrestrial music. The morning wind forever blows, the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few are the ears that hear it. Olympus is but the outside of the earth everywhere."

For Thoreau the poem of creation is indeed uninter-

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rupted. *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers* is calculated to make one understand that one has ears and hears not, eyes, and sees not: and has really never spent a week on earth in an appreciation of its actualities. But Thoreau not only could listen to terrestrial music, but could re-create it: and not only see, but again incarnate on the page the Inward Morning.

Brilliantly mystic and symbolic, his use of words recalls that of William Blake. Such a strength of life as startles and waylays in "Tiger, tiger, burning bright," flashes in his characteristic expression. None else could write: "The lightning is an exaggeration of the light," nor: "The bluebird carries the sky on his back," nor that most wonderful saying: "The light of the sun is but the shadow of love."

Of imagination all compact, Thoreau is one of the least explanatory, the most non-literal and humorous of authors. His humor is of the conversational type, the casual, and completely addressed to a peer and quick recipient of truth. The very voices of his visitors are conveyed with the indefinable individuality of the ease of door-step anecdote—like his description of the Canadian wood-chopper and holer of fifty posts a day, who "In physical endurance and contentment was cousin to the pine and the rock. I asked him once if he was not sometimes tired at night, after working all day; and he answered, with a sincere and serious look, 'Gorrappit, I never was tired in my life.'"

In an entertaining and brilliant literary essay, Stevenson has described Thoreau—to put it briefly—as a noble and original but cold and priggish genius. He has presented a striking but to many readers unrecognizable portrait of Thoreau's mind, as an intellect brave, but rather rigid and bumpkin-like: and has given no just impression whatever of the extraordinarily flexible strength and casual grace of Thoreau's fancy.

Stevenson himself apologizes for his injustices to Thoreau in a preface read perhaps by ten persons for a thousand who know his essay on the subject. He tells us that his monograph has aroused the fury of Dr. Japp, a sincere and learned disciple of Thoreau's, who has brought forward biographical facts in whose light Thoreau's pages, "seemingly so cold, are seen to be alive with feeling." With all honor to

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Dr. Japp, those readers who, unaided by his facts, have enjoyed Thoreau's pages as being alive with feeling, on the author's own showing, will doubtless find that this explanation cannot quite account for Stevenson's view.

The reason of this is, I believe, to be found elsewhere than in the fine contribution of Dr. Japp, however gravely he insisted on its information, in the anger of his belief that Stevenson had achieved a popular misrepresentation of a great man. Stevenson was, I think, both fascinated and repelled by Thoreau because of contradictory elements in his own response to existence. Large as a human being, Stevenson could be very little as a partisan. With the most generous candor and admiration, he says that, since he was introduced to Thoreau, he has scarcely written ten sentences but his influence might somewhere be detected by a close observer. Yet, having adopted romantic statement and rhetoric as a party-cry, Stevenson could not quite refrain from disparaging utterance about an author with so constant a reference to actualities and a manner so little rhetorical as Thoreau's.

Like Sir Walter Scott, Stevenson as a Tory partisan will at times return to some of the least admirable tendencies of the faith of his fathers—in Stevenson's case a faith fostered under Elders and periodic discourse. Never was an author less a rhetor than Thoreau. He does not wish to be awe-inspiring. He never shakes his finger at you; nor attempts to overwhelm you in any way. It may be said that because of the clarity of Thoreau's style, much that it expresses could probably never be readily perceptible to anyone whose recipiency of truth had become somewhat deafened by being roared at frequently in any resounding conventicle, religious or political or literary.

Thoreau was no imitator of himself. Life was a series of changing experiments to him. After he had proved its quality at Walden, he returned to Concord, where he made another valuable clearing, in the character of his protest against the holding of slaves. His narrative of the events of a part of this protest has the quietly reasonable air of a Frank R. Stockton fable; and seems to relate occurrences in the country of the Reformed Pirate, sitting at his knitting in Sweet Marjoram land:

I have paid no poll tax for six years. I was put into jail once

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on this account. . . . The night in prison was novel and interesting enough. The prisoners in their shirt-sleeves were enjoying a chat in the evening air in the doorway when I entered. But the jailer said, "Come, boys, it is time to lock up"; and so they dispersed, and I heard the sound of their footsteps returning into the hollow apartments. My room-mate was introduced to me by the jailer, as " A first-rate fellow and a clever man." When the door was locked he showed me where to hang my hat and how to manage matters there. The rooms were white-washed once a month: and this one, at least, was the whitest, most simply furnished, and probably the neatest apartment in the town. . . .

When I came out of prison—for someone interfered, and paid that tax—I did not perceive that great changes had taken place on the common, such as he observed who went in a youth and emerged a tottering and gray-headed man: and yet a change had to my eyes come over the scene—the town and state and country—greater than any that mere time could affect. I saw yet more distinctly the State in which I lived. I saw to what extent the people among whom I lived could be trusted as good neighbors and friends; that their friendship was for summer weather only; that they did not greatly propose to do right.

I was put into jail as I was going to the shoemaker's to get a shoe which was mended. When I was let out the next morning I proceeded to finish my errand, and having put on my mended shoe, joined a huckleberry party, who were impatient to put themselves under my conduct; and in half an hour—for the horse was soon tackled—was in the midst of a huckleberry field on one of our highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen.

Thoreau is said to have inspired people with what Henry James calls the Sacred Terror. It is readily comprehensible. Quiet as they are, the words, " I saw yet more distinctly the State in which I lived " are sufficiently terrible. Few persons who have read Thoreau's opinions on the general behavior of Government, and on the fortunes of the captive and the purpose of the free, will be surprised at the depth of his concern when he says that he put a paper and pencil under his pillow, and found it of some relief to write his feelings in the dark, in his sleeplessness, on the night preceding John Brown's execution.

An English admirer of Thoreau's once remarked to me that Thoreau was not only not known in this country, in his life-time, but is not known today. So it will appear certainly to those who turn for the first time to *Civil Disobedience*,

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Life Without Principle, and especially *Captain John Brown.* Full of fire and power, fused with the grip of a passion for reality, this great essay, in its lucidity and force comparable with the best of Plutarch's *Lives,* will not perhaps be widely known in our own day, in the sentimentalities of our sheep-run land. Its independent sense of truth challenges every reader, and flashes a thousand questions at his poor concurrences. It belongs to the great Outlaw letters, like the *Phaedrus,* and will be read and enjoyed doubtless for its tonic nobility and clear presentation of the souls of Supermen, when its boldness may be accounted a part of the classic style of antiquity.

However, not only in this essay but, far more significantly, by his life, Thoreau—and John Muir too—may be said to give a presentation clear and novel of the ways of Supermen abroad in creation; and valuable news of traveling gods. Like the Superman of Nietzsche's comment in two important attributes, they evince an extraordinary originality and courage: and unlike the Superman of Nietzsche's comment, they represent an extraordinary independence.

Of course the most familiar and popular idea of the Superman is very different from any of these presentments. The common notion of a Superman is that of an ordinary Hun victorious, and member of a mob. Founded in this country on a characteristic national thought,—that as an unquestioning follower on the paths of sophistication, one need not really know anything at all about Nietzsche to be a sophisticated Nietzschean,—this conception cannot fairly be described as Germanic. Though the idea of a mere gorging and predatory ruffian as a figure of supreme social value cannot find a foot-hold anywhere on the mountain peaks of Thoreau's and of John Muir's ways in creation, it can, though with considerable effort, be hauled and pushed up the cliffs walked by Nietzsche's Superman.

The most satisfactory element in this popular hero is perhaps that he does not need to be original and cannot be independent. He has to have a prey, and this is all he needs. He enhances enormously the great competitive and imitative illusion that there are no new or creative values, or, that if there are, they are of no importance, and that the only practical way to be happy and glorious is either to destroy something that someone else has got, or to take it away from him.

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At bottom this predatory theory of existence is the same as the mendicant theory; and consists of a belief that determined claims upon others are the main human means of livelihood and happiness. Without entering into the question of the validity of this creed, it may be said that the most striking distinction between the philosophy of claimancy and the unformulated faith which breathes so naturally from the pages of Thoreau and John Muir, is that these express a belief in a power not claimant, nor imitative, nor predatory, nor destructive: a belief in a creative power of obtaining a livelihood and happiness from an individual grasp of the material and spiritual forces of the universe.

Thoreau, in particular, created an original happiness for himself by a deliberate design upon the universe and the future of men. A great man and a genius, he revealed in all his ways a sheer and astounding strength. As he lay near death, when unable to hold a pen himself, he dictated a reply to a friend who had inquired for his health, remarking that he supposed he had not long to live—" I may say I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."

Splendid are his paths, but distant. Even the opening of his wonderful way through the forest of creation is manifestly for the full-grown in mind, for an exceptional nervous power.

II

John Muir seems in many senses to set forth from nearer home, from the ground of an experience shared to some extent by thousands of people on earth today. Thoreau sought simplicity and freedom by a spontaneous desire. John Muir sought them from an early knowledge of crushing toil.

He has told us his view of drudgery for the sake of drudgery. Coming from Scotland to this country, as a little boy of about ten, he was obliged, on his father's pioneer farm-land in Wisconsin, to pour forth his strength like water. His father roused him and his brothers to feed the cattle and horses, grind the axes, and bring in wood before breakfast; and, in brighter weather, to be out in the snow, chopping and fencing by day-break. In spite of the fact that " the very best oak and hickory fuel was embarrassingly abundant, the only fire for the whole house was the kitchen stove, with a firebox about eighteen inches long and eight inches wide and deep, beneath which in the morning we found

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our socks and coarse, soggy boots frozen solid. We were not allowed to start even this despicable little fire in its black box to thaw them. No, we had to squeeze our throbbing, aching, chilblained feet into them, causing greater pain than toothache, and hurry out to chores. Fortunately the miserable chilblain pain began to abate as soon as the temperature of our feet approached the freezing point, enabling us in spite of hard work and hard frost to enjoy the Winter beauty—the wonderful radiance of the snow."

Hard as the Winter was, in some respects the Summer offered greater severities. "It often seemed to me that our fierce, over-industrious way of getting the grain from the ground was too closely connected with grave-digging. The staff of life, naturally beautiful, after this suggested the grave-digger's spade. Men and boys, and in those days even women and girls, were cut down while cutting the wheat. . . We were all made slaves through the vice of over-industry. The same was in great part true in making hay to keep the cattle and horses through the long Winters. We were called in the morning at four o'clock and seldom got to bed before nine, making a broiling, seething day seventeen hours long loaded with heavy work."

Nothing exempted him. When he had mumps, and could swallow no food but milk, he was obliged to work though staggering with weakness and sometimes falling down in the sheaves.

With extraordinarily little time, and no instruction, John Muir contrived in the midst of this toil to invent and make a number of original and curious devices, among them a combined hygrometer, thermometer, and barometer, and a self-setting saw-mill, the models constructed of wood, which were justifiably the wonder of the neighborhood. On the advice of a friend of the family he left home, a year after coming of age, for the purpose of exhibiting these models at the State Fair; of attempting to obtain employment by this recommendation, in a machine-shop; and of thus supporting himself while he studied in the preparatory courses and the University at Madison. He seems to have accomplished with remarkable ease the purposes he had in mind: but he says he did not complete the regular course of studies. "I wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion which has lasted nearly fifty years, and is not yet completed, always

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happy and free, poor and rich . . . urged on and on through endless, inspiring, Godful beauty."

John Muir's characteristic tone is epic. He sings great sweeps of space and time. Speaks continentally. Counts time in aeons. He is accredited with—more accurately, perhaps, it should be said he is accused of—that tendency to make lists and to mention specific localities which is characteristic of all genuinely epic authors, from Homer, with the catalogue of ships, to Walt Whitman, with all the lines about

> House-building, measuring, sawing the boards;
> Black-smithing, glass-blowing, nail-making, coopering . . .

The truth is that those of Poe's taste, who cannot like a long poem, cannot like the epic in any of its manifestations. It was not meant for them, but for those who enjoy being immersed for hours in a subject: who love to have the catalogue of ships sail on and on: love to hear the chords arising from their deeps all day at *Parsifal*: and would delight, once John Muir has revealed to them the immensities of the Yosemite, to know the names of all its waterfalls, climbing to the source of every fresh glacial fountain, and harking to the last foam-echo of the remote and all but unattainable Illilouette. Lyrics are for excursionists. Epics are for those who are keen on the trail: and enjoy the exhaustive, if not by foot, at least by fancy. For such travelers are the pages of John Muir.

His references are almost incredibly spacious. He tells us that after walking from Indiana to New Mexico with a plant press on his back, he took a Panama steamer in a certain Spring; and, on arriving at San Francisco, inquired for the nearest way out of town. "'But where do you want to go?' asked the man to whom I had applied for this important information. 'To any place that is wild,' I said. This reply startled him. He seemed to fear I might be crazy, and therefore the sooner I was out of town the better, so he directed me to the Oakland ferry." Incommoded only by the fact that he was still weak from a fever he had caught in Florida, and by the fact that he had almost no money, he set out at once for the Sierras.

"It was the bloom-time of the year over the lowlands and coast ranges," he writes. "The landscapes of the Santa Clara Valley were fairly drenched with sunshine, all the air

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was quivering with the songs of the meadow-larks: and the hills were so covered with flowers that they seemed to be painted. . . I wandered enchanted in long wavering curves, knowing by my pocket-map that Yosemite Valley lay to the East, and that I should surely find it."

So the walker's prowess sings on and on up to the Pacheco Pass, along the full-fold mountain-tops and flowering valleys; and on and on through his whole life-time.

This first Sierra Summer of his was in 1868: and nearly fifty years later, only yesterday, he described for us another part of his way over what he calls foundational truth, among the innumerable glacial splendors of Alaska: "I traced the glorious crystal wall, admiring its wonderful architecture—clusters of glittering, lance-tipped spires, bold outstanding bastions, and plain mural cliffs adorned along the top with fretted cornice and battlement, while every gorge and crevasse, groove and hollow, was filled with light, shimmering and throbbing in pale blue tones of ineffable tenderness and beauty."

Celestial was John Muir's whole journey on earth, till, "when night was drawing near, I ran down the flowery slopes exhilarated, thanking God for the gift of this great day."

When we heard that John Muir was gone, on the mountains, it was of some comfort to know that he could not be lost to the forest. Both in his deed and his word the protector of American woods, he will live immemorially in their beauty—not only in their actual and physical wonder as they rise on earth in the serried reserves of dreaming silver fir and giant redwood; but in their imagined splendor as they grow forever in the clear air of his truthful pages.

Among multitudes of men and women doing things in discontent, and because of demand or pressure, here were two men who did what they desired. A hundred acts and sayings of John Muir's and of Thoreau's might serve as a protest against the multitude of purblind, reluctant, and meaningless doings in which human energy is so poorly wasted. People cannot resist spending themselves in activities they only half like. Undoubtedly the most dangerous and weakening dissipation of life force might be found less in any drug or sport or even "strong temptation" than in the mere habit of perfunctory performances at every turn.

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At least there have been for us East and West prophets of wisdom who could think greatly, and whose ideas have been incarnated in lives original, happy, and independent.

"Really to see the sun rise or go down every day," says Thoreau, "so to relate ourselves to a universal fact, would preserve us sane forever. Nations! What are nations? Tartars and Huns and Chinamen. Like insects they swarm. The historian strives in vain to make them memorable. It is for want of a man that there are so many men. It is individuals that populate the world." It may fairly be claimed that Thoreau and John Muir, like Zarathustra,—and from a different outlook,—really could see the sun rise. The whole body of their works is informed by the tremendous re-creative faculty of their vision.

A few hours in the fresh poetry and bright-blown fragrance of these men's wonderful conception of the universe, and one finds oneself fitter both to live and to die. All around, behind and before, the horizon is wider. The vanished flocks of the wild pigeons fly again in burnished splendor over the whole sky. For a lucid interval the heart is truly awake; and can think, in the enkindling beauty of the light of that sun which is but the shadow of love, about the fortunes of the captive and the purpose of the free.

EDITH WYATT.

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MODERN TENDENCIES IN POETRY

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

English poetry of today is notoriously the scene of an opposition which to some observers seems the rebellion of new life against sterile and petrified forms, while to others it appears as the menace of anarchy against order and beauty. Almost as clearly marked as in the economic world, the conservative and the radical forces are at work. The making of poetry is the aim of both, but they march under two irreconcilable banners. One of these is the very modern attempt to find some new and more flexible form in which can be expressed accurately the honest and unsentimental poetry of the modern mind; the other is the effort to invest the raw vigor of our modernity with that glamor of formal beauty which marks the classic tradition of the older poets. Between these two camps a merry war is waging; and it is an open question whether the impatience of the Revolutionists toward the Traditionalists, or the distaste of the Traditionalists for the Revolutionists, is the greater.

In any examination of the Revolutionary poetry, it is best to put aside this little quarrel, and to approach the new poems as one would a theatre—willing to be entertained, but not determined to be. Some readers will take up the modern work with minds haunted by the ghosts of poets who died before the new poets were born; and these will find it difficult to regard the birth of poetry as coincident with the origin of any modern cult. In fact, many lovers of the old tradition appear to have great trouble in keeping good-tempered in the face of some of the claims made by the advanced poets. It would be well if these apoplectic critics would remind themselves that an open mind is acceptable to God and profitable to man. As they confront the novel and sometimes startling attempts of radical enthusiasts, they

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might advantageously recall history and be a little humble. The revolts of each rising generation have always seemed to each passing generation like perverse breaches of immutable laws; yet time has often made it clear that it was only against the very mutable and sometimes stupid misinterpretation of laws that the rebellion of the younger wills was directed. Thus the pathetic comedy goes on from generation to generation; and the old past fights bitterly against the rising tide of the young future. May heaven spare us the humiliation of acting so dull a part in so grotesque a drama! May we be ready to welcome all in the new poetry that is beautiful even though it come dressed in an unfamiliar beauty!

On the other hand it would be a pity to abandon completely the attitude of the sceptic mind—of the mind from Missouri. It is not wholly a sign of senility to demand evidence that the new is good before we discard the old. Change is, indeed, the condition of growth, in art as in life. But not all motion in the arts is progress, nor are all movements to be regarded as Crusades toward the Holy Sepulchre. In the arts, as in life, there are many blind alleys, many meaningless expeditions; and no one wants to be tricked into adherence to one of these. Faith in the necessity of progress need not drive the enthusiast to such a pitch of desperation that he joins every Coxey's Army that marches shouting through the streets.

Whatever we may think of the new poetry, we must perceive in it four sharply marked elements. These are the demand for complete metrical freedom; the insistence on hard actuality of images; the adoption of an attitude of humor, irony, or grotesqueness in even the most serious poems; and an absolute frankness and shamelessness as to the content of the poet's work.

Of these elements it is the metrical freedom that stands out most obviously. The extremists of the new school look with distrust on the established verse-forms. They feel that the constraint of any regular metrical system is an intolerable prison to the spirit of the poet. Following the example of recent French poets, they demand that the integrity of the poet's meaning be poured into song whose cadences are born solely of the moment's emotion and are not responsible for conformity to any recurrent order of rhyme or rhythm. Such a theory produces verse whose lines are of irregular length,

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whose dominant movement may change at any moment, and from which rhyme is usually absent. At its worst this verse is an abomination; at its best it is a very subtle medium for the expression of certain kinds of feeling.

As all educated Revolutionists admit, though the name *vers libre* is new, the thing itself is not. In fact, it is a very ancient thing, which has been used admirably by the most classic of all the English poets, Milton. In the Choruses of *Samson Agonistes* he employs such free verse as no modern Revolutionary poet is likely to surpass. Hence if we protest against free verse, we set ourselves counter not only to the modernists of today but also to the classicists of yesterday. As Milton saw, regular rhythms do not fill every need. Not all themes fit themselves into conventionalized sound-patterns. Sometimes, as in *Samson Agonistes,* an effect of peculiar dryness and hardness is wanted which regular verse would be unable to supply. Also there are cases in which life strikes the emotion of the poet in broken flashes—in swift chaotic fragmentary perceptions; and to record these, free verse is an unsurpassed medium. For all these reasons there is no sense whatever in the popular objections that have been raised to the free verse of the modern poet.

It is only with those who proclaim free verse to be the sole possible poetic medium that one has a right to quarrel. There are such poets; and in their attempt to create a cult of free verse they make themselves very ridiculous. Because the carpenter finds the hatchet useful for certain kinds of work is hardly a reason for throwing the saw out of the window. Milton knew very much better. Though he used free verse when he chose, he employed the regular metres and the sonnet in a manner that has not been surpassed. Great artist that he was, he adapted his medium to his purpose. He knew what all poets will be wise to recognize today: that certain effects in poetry are wholly impossible without the use of regular rhythms and rhyme.

The reason for this fact is derived from the very nature of the art. It is based on the absolute necessity of carrying the lulled spirit of the reader on waves of recurrent sound into a state of suspended consciousness—a kind of visionary trance in which the mind, deaf for a moment to the distractions of the world around it, will see singly and solely the dream which the poet puts before it. The emotion-heightening, hypnotic power of regular rhythms and recurrent

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rhymes is in many instances the whole basis of that peculiar somnambulistic effect which is the special magic of poetry. Emotion is the secret of it all; and some emotions answer to the call of rhyme and rhythm as to almost nothing else. Rhythm seizes the thread of one's thought as might a current, and intertwines with it, and draws it down into remote subterranean caverns of the spirit unvisited by the every-day consciousness.

The sole debatable question that arises is: How regular must the rhythm be to produce the desired trance-like effect? When the degree of trance desired is not very intense, as in poems that keep close to the surface-details of observed reality, the beat of the verse may safely be reduced to a minimum. But when one wishes to lift the reader into regions of passionate ecstasy and to arouse the profoundest and most primal emotions, one will have to resort to a more powerful stimulus and carry the reader farther away from every-day reality on the flow of these hypnotic waves of sound. For ironic comments on the human comedy around us, for pictures of the common stage on which we do our little struttings, free verse is admirable; but it will seldom serve to transport us to the heights of religious experience, or to the depths of the black night of the soul, or to the sun-swept levels of beauty-drunken happiness.

It is, in fact, difficult to escape the feeling that free verse, valuable though it is, is still in some obscure way incomplete verse—a rudimentary and not a final art-form. Many poets will agree that one resorts to free verse chiefly when what one has to say is not completely crystallized, or when one's emotion is not at its most intense pitch, or when one wishes to note down a series of impressions that have not yet fully combined into one concentrated pattern. For one case in which free verse has been used as Milton used it,—out of deliberate and conscious choice,—there are a thousand cases in which it has been employed solely because the writer had not carried the inner processes of composition far enough to poetize his material completely. When the mind is a blaze of sudden revelation, and the poet's theme glows into thorough transparency of white heat, he will usually find that what he has to say flows rapidly and perfectly into the smooth mould of regular verse-forms; but when the intensity of his impulse is a little lower, and all kinds of comments, reflections, minor observations, and clever plays of word and thought are

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mixed with his truly poetical material, then he can give much more complete and appropriate expression to his idea in the less intense rhythms of free verse.

The new poets have made no mistake in using free verse. Their only error has been in committing themselves to it with too blind an exclusiveness.

Beyond the matter of rhythm lies another feature of the new poetry—that very interesting theory of writing called Imagism. The Imagists attempt to present to the reader a clear, exact, sharp picture of objects and episodes; after this, they allow the reader himself to evoke from this presentation those comments, reflections, emotions, and overtones which form so large a part of ordinary poetry. The Imagist would not say "mournful waves" or "bleak coast"; he would refuse to comment thus: he would prefer "lead-gray waves" and "splintered coast." He would attempt to find the precise word "which brings the effect of the object to the reader as the writer saw it," and would present his scene with that impersonal interest in the scene itself which is the peculiar characteristic of modern painting. He would avoid all flamboyant words, all set phrases, and keep his speech hard, spare, clean-cut, economical. He would express even the most general ideas, even the most abstract conceptions, by means of the concrete manner and the definite embodiment of beauty.

This theory has great fascination. The practice of the theory by the professed Imagists has, however, been disappointing up to the present time. The poems which follow are from among those which the Imagists themselves praise. Here is one of the most admired of Imagist productions, *Oread,* by Mrs. Richard Aldington:

> Whirl up, sea—
> Whirl your pointed pines,
> Splash your great pines
> On our rocks,
> Hurl your green over us,
> Cover us with your pools of fir.

There is, indeed, a certain vividness of tumult expressed in this likening of the wind-tossed sea to a wind-tossed pine-forest. But it seems attenuated, over-stressed; and such a minutely treated theme for a poem, after all! Surely a morbid fear of elaboration has impelled the writer to resort to

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such a mere adumbration of her thought. It suggests an unwholesome veneration for even the most fragmentary of her perceptions. Compare it with any of the short poems of that supreme lyricist, William Blake, and observe how thin it seems.

Here is another Imagist poem by Mr. Ezra Pound, called *April;* it is almost meaningless because of this same parsimony:

> Three spirits came to me
> And drew me apart
> To where the olive boughs
> Lay stripped upon the ground:
>
> Pale carnage beneath bright mist.

The principle of hard conciseness has here been carried too far. It is the method of Japanese poetry reduced to madness. But here is an incomparably better and perhaps a more characteristic specimen of Imagism, by Miss Amy Lowell; it is called *White and Green:*

> Hey! My daffodil-crowned,
> Slim and without sandals!
> As the sudden spurt of flame upon darkness
> So my eyeballs are startled with you,
> Supple-limbed youth among the fruit-trees,
> Light runner through tasseled orchards.
> You are an almond flower unsheathed
> Leaping and flickering between the budded branches.

Thus the Imagist attempts to give you a clear, sharp word-picture of the thing seen, without making any attempt to tell you what emotions this thing evokes in him or should evoke in you. He hopes, by presenting just the right details, to make you do your own feeling, and to convey to you the implications of the scene described with a sharpness all the greater because of his withholding of his own comments. Of course, the Imagist is not unique in this aim. There is a perfect example of Imagism in Burns's line:

> The white moon is setting behind the white wave,

and in Keats's:

> The sedge is withered by the lake
> And no birds sing.

In the words of these poets, however, the Imagistic passages stand in intelligible relation to greater wholes; they are

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merely the bits out of which the artist composes his wide mosaic. The real Imagists, on the other hand, too often forget the whole for the part; they too often are content to put down vivid little trifles as if they were completed pictures. Many Imagist poems are merely such fragmentary bits of color, such momentary sketches, as a great artist puts down in his note-book for later use in a larger composition.

There is a third element very strikingly present in the new poetry: this is its revolt against sweetness and prettiness. It appears sometimes as brutality, sometimes as irony, sometimes as grotesqueness. As one might stamp, swearing furiously, out of some over-scented boudoir,—so many of the Revolutionary poets give expression to their contempt for the softness and sugariness of the older poetry. This is not an altogether new phenomenon; it has occurred before in all the arts as a sign of vigor and fresh life. It offends the godly, but it wakes them up. It is one of the healthiest signs in our modern work. Sometimes it takes a less violent form, as it did in the work of a poet who was in other respects a Revolutionist,—Rupert Brooke,—and becomes an insistence on the ugly, the humiliating, the repulsive aspects of life. Tired of high-flown idealizations and hot-house bouquets, Brooke shows us Helen of Troy in old age,

> . . . . . a scold
> Haggard with virtue. . . . .
> Oft she weeps gummy-eyed and impotent;
> Her dry shanks twitch at Paris' mumbled name.

This kind of thing has its tonic value; it is the other half of the story, the dark of the moon. And though it would be a pity if the vigor of the new movement spent itself wholly in grotesques of this variety, they show a healthy scepticism, a healthy contempt for the humiliating position of the human animal; and their place is just as legitimate as is that of the gargoyles grinning down from cathedral buttresses.

Nevertheless, some critics have abused Mr. Edgar Lee Masters for the gloom and savagery of his *Spoon River* portraits; and the other day a certain reviewer took a book to task because it was not "heartening," and because the *dramatis personae* of the lyrics were all "wise and bitter and weary and generally disillusioned and disillusionizing." As if it were necessary for a poet to write with a pie-smile on

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his face! One writes of life as one sees it; and the new writers, impatient with the shallow optimism of

> God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world,

are trying to set down their sense of the confusions and degradations and bafflements of life, as well as of its peaks in Darien. Mr. Masters or Mr. Carl Sandburg or Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson would produce a fine absurdity, indeed, if they attempted to write with that confident optimism which is perfectly natural to Mr. Vachel Lindsay, and which is the true and proper way for Mr. Lindsay to write. But Mr. Lindsay's work would have little value if its cheerfulness were its only or its finest quality.

This leads one to the last characteristic of the new poetry: its intellectual frankness. Until one stops to think about it, one does not realize how extensive the change in this matter has been. Fifty years ago the tradition of English poetry was simply overgrown with a thicket of Victorian pruderies and reticences. The hypocritical sentimentality of Tennyson's Arthurian ideal lay upon Mid-Victorian England like a blight; and few writers except Swinburne, who cared not a fig for devil, man, or Queen Victoria, dared make beauty out of the soul's or the body's nakedness. Now all this is past. Today it is possible for the sincere artist in verse to write of absolutely anything. He is no longer limited to that small segment of life which might have been considered proper for the sight of the Mid-Victorian young lady. He has once more the virile freedom of the Elizabethans, and may without fear or shame depict whatsoever aspect of life seems to his eyes significant or curious or beautiful.

In future years it will doubtless not be possible for the dispassionate critic to take the new poetry quite as seriously as, today, it takes itself. Such an observer may grow a little bewildered and even amused as he surveys our Schools and Movements—the Imagists and Vorticists and Spectricists and Patagonians and a Choric School, and Heaven only knows how many others. He will perhaps wonder wherein the revolutionary element of all these Revolutions lay, for he will see clearly that all the elements of our new poetry are in fact very old elements. But if he stops there, he will be a very bad critic indeed.

Something has really happened to us. The effort toward

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freedom from dead conventions, displayed in the new poetry, has a significance greater than any actual accomplishment that the movement has so far produced. There is a genuine spiritual liberation behind even the most fantastic of the new poems, and an honest effort to explore, to invent, to widen the boundaries of the art. Though the technical results have been so far negligible, the moral results have been large. Today men are writing more honestly, more spontaneously, more vigorously, than at any time during the last quarter-century; they are writing joyfully and shamelessly; they recognize no authority that cannot justify itself, no dogmas that are not lighted by living faith. They are trying to express real feelings and to devise patterns of verse appropriate to this expression.

A few years ago, men with no deep power over either thought or form were busily filling the magazines with sweet characterless rubbish. Since the death of the great Victorian poets, they had used the whole Tennysonian machinery in a facile, spiritless, over-ornamented way, without any of that underlying greatness of spirit which made this rather absurd machinery forgivable in the hands of Tennyson. People had come to think that regular rhythms, rhymes, and a good deal of talk about " azure argosies " and " hillsides vernal " and " argent panoplies " and " light supernal " constituted the badge of the modern poet; and that fine poetry had really died with Queen Victoria.

Then came the Revolution. It came as a part of that general revolution which has been working upheaval in all the arts. Our day has seen every artist, be he musician, painter, sculptor, or poet, forced to take stock of his soul's goods and to look around him with fresh eyes. We have seen in music the growth of a new order of composition—an order in which the formal patterns of Mozart and Beethoven seem shattered into strange discontinuous tones, imperfect satisfactions of the waiting ear, discords as haunting as they are unexpected. In the field of painting, men whom we can no longer dismiss with a nod as charlatans,—men like Cézanne and Matisse,—have been abandoning the hard-won classic perfection of Titian and Raphael, and have been insisting that the painter must return to the freshness and integrity of his own emotional perception of nature, in all its starkness and crudity.

Even so in poetry, this revolution has worked in salutary ways. It shattered the illusion that all the poets were dead,

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and that the pseudo-Tennysonian poetry of the magazines remained as their sole relique on earth. The Revolutionists demanded true feeling and appropriate expression instead of empty rhetoric. They assaulted the great. They tried preposterous experiments. They made the world feel that there was, after all, dynamite and a volcano at the heart of poetry. For this, let us give them profound thanks.

But after we have given them this, their intensity of effort need not make us feel that the stars of our youth have gone out. These insurgencies have not touched the glory of Milton or Shelley or Shakespeare. The old beauty remains beautiful, though it does not flatter us with the sense that we have discovered its secret for the first time today; and the principles of aesthetic creation endure precisely as they were in the days of King David the Psalmist. In the arts, liberty is not all, nor all-important. There is no virtue in just the free and untrammeled expression of our personalities, in free verse or any other verse; the root of the matter is to discover and use that medium, that pattern and rhythm, into which our personal emotion can be poured and there take on the lineaments of an impersonal and intelligible beauty. It is of very little consequence if you or I cry out our hearts; it is of great consequence if we can turn our hearts' cry into the measures of a perfect song. In any art, nothing ultimately matters but the aesthetic element; and the aesthetic element is not necessarily inherent in even the most sincere and spontaneous outpouring of feeling. Liberty from formal restraint is therefore worthless unless it leads to some further and finer discovery of formal law. The chief danger of the new poetry is that it often seems in its practice to forget this positively platitudinous axiom. Form!—it is everything. Not in the stupid academic sense of precedented models, but in the sense of that fine harmony between the artist's meaning and his manner which is the parallel of those rare human moments when there is achieved a real concordance of body and soul.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

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THE PETERBOROUGH IDEA

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

In one of Bret Harte's romantic parodies—in that of Dumas *père*, I believe—the exaggerated hero works himself into a state of desperation over the lack of a ladder just thirty-seven feet long, and suddenly trips over something in the grass that proves to be a ladder just thirty-seven feet long. If the number of feet was not thirty-seven, it was some other number; and it was one that was in exact accord with the exaggerated hero's romantic necessities. And if this introduction seems irrelevant, let me say that in the Spring of 1911 I found myself in a situation not extravagantly unlike that of the aforesaid hero, save that my problem was far more complicated, and if anything less favorably designed for immediate solution; for I found myself in possession of a thing I was pleased to call an Idea for a Work of Art, and one that required, for its most advantageous working out, a combination of conditions that was not promised by the sights, smells, temperatures, and noises of New York City during the Summer months, or by any enforced seclusion that I had then in mind.

What I required, or at least wished for, was a place in the country, not too far from the civilizing conveniences of life, that would afford comfortable lodging, good food, a large and well-windowed sleeping room with a good bed in it, an easy walk to breakfast at about seven-thirty, a longer walk to a secluded and substantial building in the woods, a large open fireplace and plenty of fuel, a free view from the door of the best kind of New England scenery, a complete assurance of a long day before me without social annoyances or interruptions of any kind, a simple luncheon brought to my door by a punctual but reticent carrier, a good dinner at night with a few congenial people, an evening without en-

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forced solitude or enforced society, and a blessed assurance that no one would ask me to show him or her what I was writing.

Having attracted the attention of Destiny to these few casual suggestions, it occurred to me that Destiny might have to move perceptibly out of its way in order to fulfill them all at once; and I had trained myself to forget pretty much all about them, when it happened that I met a literary friend of mine to whom I repeated a few of them. I might have repeated all of them, but all of them were not necessary. The two suggestions of complete solitude during the day and of a house in the woods were sufficient to bring about my realization not only of those two, but of all the others—not to mention several more that I have not had the assurance or the complacency to set down. "Why don't you try the MacDowell Colony?" he asked. "Colony?" I repeated after him. "Does a friend of mine talk to me of 'colonies' when I tell him that what I want is a commodious house in the woods, preferably with a cement floor, and with no one to bother me between eight or nine in the morning and six at night? What are friends good for anyhow?" "Do you know anything about the place?" he ventured, I thought a little timidly. "No," I said, "except that it is a 'colony': and that's enough." "Do you believe," he rejoined, "that Edward MacDowell would have encouraged the kind of 'colony' that you seem to have in mind?" I had to admit that such a belief was a difficult one to entertain; and I succumbed to the extent of listening to him while he painted again the picture that was in my dreams. I did not believe much of what he said, but I listened to him because he was a friend of mine and because he had written some things that I liked.

Well, the result of my friend's insistence was a reluctant journey on my part from New York to Peterborough, New Hampshire, with a long and pusillanimous halt in Boston—where I could be sure of my ground, even if I could not have there a stone house in the woods, with seven screened windows and a screen door that opened on the peak of Mount Monadnock seven miles away. Finally, when I realized that the Fourth of July had come and gone, and that summer was going after it, I found out how to get to Peterborough, and in three hours I was there; but only after a dubious and rather unhappy ride, during which I was pursued and

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haunted unceasingly by the ominous word "colony," which buzzed and bit me like an obnoxious insect that might have hatched itself from the worm that smote the gourd of Jonah. Colonies of ants or colonies of microbes I could tolerate, but colonies of artists and writers were too much for the contemplation of a "difficult" poet who had a small but intensely select public that was said to be growing. I believed that I might possibly stay in Peterborough for as long as two weeks, at the end of which time I should call upon my alleged creative faculty for some elaborate lie that would insure my quiet if ignominious escape. But my escape did not go into effect until the end of the following September, when I was called back to New York, after having worked for nearly three months in uninterrupted harmony with all the suggestions that I had filed with Destiny, not much expecting to hear from them again. I found here not only what my friend said that I should find, but infinitely and surprisingly more.

I found nearly everything that I did not much expect to find, and hardly anything that my conventional doubts had anticipated. For about a week I employed myself in trying not to enjoy my liberty and solitude, and in being glad that I was not in New York. But one may do these things almost anywhere in the country. I knew that, and I knew there must be something unusual about the place, or I should not like it when I was trying so hard not to like it. I knew there was something that I had not yet found, and I learned what it was when one day I discovered, rather of a sudden, that the MacDowell Colony was beyond a doubt the worst loafing place in the world. I had loafed now for more than a week, but I had not rested. I did not begin to rest until I began to work; and it was not until I began to work that I began to understand what had been the matter with me. Hitherto my long-suffering conscience—a New England conscience at that—had never made any special fuss to remind me of so banal a thing as lost opportunity. I had lost so much and so many kinds of opportunity that I supposed my conscience had become calloused on the industrial side, and had ceased to respond to this particular defection on my part. But I was woefully wrong. During the next ten weeks I did more work, got more out of living and out of nature, and became better acquainted with myself than during any part of the past three or four years. And fortunately for me, by nature

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and long training one of the laziest of mortals, I was early in realizing that this long desired opportunity of mine to get away for awhile from the world and to express a part of what the world had given me, was the direct and almost immediate result of what was once a thought in the mind of a man who had foreseen what all this might mean some day to others. In his own life it was hardly more than a persistent wish. Today it is five hundred acres of land and a score of substantial buildings, nearly all of which are invisible to the tenants of the others.

Before I try to say what the Peterborough Idea is, I should like to say as gently as possible a few things that it most emphatically is *not*. In view of some of the more grotesque and pathetic misconceptions concerning it, it may be well to say at once that it implies neither a school, a sanitarium, a summer resort for incurable amateurs, or an experiment in misapplied æsthetics. There are no "students," for the simple reason that there is no place for them. There are no teachers, or professors, or advisers. There are no bells, and there are no "hours." There are no amateurs, until they are found out; and they are found out in Peterborough as in other places. Perhaps they are found out in Peterborough a little sooner than in other places. There are no annoying regulations to irritate the most sensitive and responsive talent, or to interfere with the most robust and uncompromising genius. I have said that the MacDowell Colony is in all probability the worst loafing place in the world. It is also, in all probability, about the worst place in which to conceal one's lack of a creative faculty. With each year the place becomes automatically more exclusive (I use the word, of course, in its serious and literal sense), and with each year come fewer —there were never many—of those who would, and eventually do, find a more congenial and inspiring environment elsewhere. And it is not intended that more than twenty or twenty-five people shall ever be working here at the same time.

But misconceptions are a part of the burden that must always be borne by those who undertake something that is radically different from anything that the public has known before, and the philosophical and tolerant creator of the Peterborough Colony accepts them with angelic forbearance and good humor. If there is one of these many misconcep-

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tions that annoys her more than another, probably it is the prevailing delusion that the place is intended primarily, if not exclusively, for the impecunious—the truth being that the question of money has nothing whatever to do with the advantages that are offered. Some of the best work that has been done here has been done by artists and writers of recognized standing, with incomes sufficient to render the financial side of their advantages a negligible matter. On the other hand some of the best work has been done by those whose incomes are still more or less problematical—a fact that has hardly sufficient novelty to inaugurate a new epoch in the history of the Fine Arts. The basic purpose of the place is not to foster the "promise" of a few indigent neophytes, or to soothe the shattered hopes of a few indigent wrecks. On the contrary, neophytes and wrecks are alike ineligible.

The MacDowell Colony is, let me say again, the splendid outgrowth of a thought that was long in the mind of the most serious, the most scholarly, the most inspired, and probably the most thoroughly sophisticated of American composers. It is not easy to associate the name and the ideals of Edward MacDowell with the encouragement of mediocrity, or with the frittering away of time and opportunity that offer almost incredible advantages alike to the poor and to the independent. Money cannot buy elsewhere what is offered by the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough to the serious worker, and the reason for this is that what is offered in Peterborough to the serious worker does not exist elsewhere. If it does exist elsewhere, I have never found it; and I have worked, I fancy, under what might be called a fairly representative variety of favorable and unfavorable conditions.

It is practically impossible for me to say, even to myself, just what there is about this place that compels a man to work out the best that is in him, and to be discontented if he fails to do so. The abrupt and somewhat humiliating sense of isolation, liberty, and opportunity which overtakes one each morning on his way to work has something to do with it, but this sense of opportunity does not in itself explain everything. There is, over and about the place, a mystical touch that cannot be explained any more than MacDowell's *Keltic Sonata* can be explained. The presence of a great genius is always here, although the man

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himself is absent; and this presence is not one to confirm or foster any unhappy misconceptions in regard to charity-patients or incorrigible amateurs. The place is a workshop, not a wonderland; or perhaps I might better call it a workshop with a wonderland thrown in. But one must work and be in earnest, and he must know that others know that he is in earnest, or the wonderland will give him but a sorry sort of pleasure. The few who have attempted to forego the workshop for the wonderland have not had a very good time, and they are not likely to come again.

The place is not only a workshop, but one for those who have already achieved something that contemporary criticism believes to be important. Contemporary criticism makes a great many sad mistakes, no doubt, but contemporary achievement can have no other judge or sponsor; and for this reason some of those who have achieved what is in them to achieve will always be advanced in their own time beyond their deserts, while others may be long submerged, and finally exterminated, for lack of opportunity.

Now the purpose of this place is to furnish that opportunity to those whom the best of contemporary criticism has accepted as a matter of course, and to those who are said by experts to deserve it: that is the Peterborough Idea. Nature has a great deal to say in these matters, and probably there is no place where she says more to the man or woman who has already done something significant than she says here in Peterborough. The mere fact that a man or a woman has written a few books, or painted a few pictures, or composed a few songs, or modeled a few images in clay, means little or nothing now among intelligent people. In fact, it is rather a distinction nowadays not to have done one or more of these things—unless one has done something sufficiently forceful and original to be suggestive, at least, of endurance. For the world must have its art, or the world will be no fit place for man to live in; and the artist must have his opportunity, or his art will die and the artist will die with it.

A great deal of well-meaning nonsense has been said and written about the so-called selfishness of the creative faculty, but a small reading of history should be enough to

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indicate some fraction of the price that has been paid by the creator, in most instances, for his indulgence of that selfishness. In the opinion of many, a good artist is like a good Indian; and he will probably remain so. At any rate, it was with this probability in mind that the creator of the Peterborough Colony as it is today, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, found herself ready and eager to sacrifice everything else for the noble and unselfish and effective realization of what was once a thought in the mind of Edward MacDowell: a thought that is now an achieved—and, it is to be hoped, an enduring—ideal.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

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IN NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY

I HAVE a need of silence and of stars;
Too much is said too loudly; I am dazed.
The silken sound of whirled infinity
Is lost in voices shouting to be heard.
I once knew men as earnest and less shrill.
An undermeaning that I caught, I miss
Among these ears that hear all sounds save silence,
These eyes that see so much but not the sky,
These minds that gain all knowledge but no calm.
If suddenly the desperate music ceased,
Could they return to life? or would they stand
In dancers' attitudes, puzzled, polite,
And striking vaguely hand on tired hand
For an encore, to fill the ghastly pause?
I do not know. Some rhythm there may be
I cannot hear. But I—oh, I must go
Back where the breakers of deep sunlight roll
Across flat fields that love and touch the sky;
Back to the more of earth, the less of man,
Where there is still a plain simplicity,
And friendship, poor in everything but love,
And faith, unwise, unquestioned, but a star.
The peace of summer is already there
With cloudy fire of myrtles in full bloom;
And, when the marvellous wide evenings come,
Across the molten river one can see
The misty willow-green of Arcady.
And then—the summer stars . . . I will go home.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

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THE TREE

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I

THE TREE AT DAWN

I KNOW that day will come, for I have seen
Under the sky three silver threads unraveling.
The blackness whispers of green.
A sound becomes a glimmering,
And waters waken . . .
White from her sleep the Lily prays.
A fragrance sways
Where the grass is shaken.
And as the last hour lingers listening,
Deep in my heart the Voice begins to sing.

II

THE TREE AT DUSK

With secrets in their eyes the blue-winged Hours
Rustle through the meadow
Dropping shadow.
Yawning among red flowers
The Moon Child with her golden hoop,
And a pink star blowing after,
Leans to me where I droop.
I hear her delicate, soft laughter—
And through my hair her tiny fingers creep . . .
I shall sleep.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE IMMORTALS AND MR. POWYS[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

As soon as we encountered Mr. John Cowper Powys's *One Hundred Best Books, With a Commentary and An Essay on Books and Reading,* we proceeded to follow the habit of Emerson (or was it Lamb or Hazlitt?—we have looked it up repeatedly, but we always forget). That is to say, coming upon a new book, we turned away and read an old one; but in this case, the old one was also by Mr. John Cowper Powys. It was his share of a volume called *Confessions of Two Brothers,* and our hope was that we should find there some information as to the equipment of this adventurous and greatly-daring author. We found what we had hoped to find: a light that flooded the secret chambers of Mr. Powys's soul, disclosing the ways of his mind and the nature of his taste.

We had known that Mr. Powys was *arbiter elegantiarum* to those dear ladies, avid of aesthetic fertilization, aflame with spiritual passion, who compose the audiences at lecture-courses in those fountains of American culture, our women's clubs and our church "parlors." We knew that Mr. Powys was one of the best beloved of the interpreters and priests of beauty who are privileged to minister unto those ardent and eager souls; that he was a lecturer prized and quoted, wearing with grace and majesty, we doubted not, the splendid mantle of intellectual authority. We knew that he had published critical essays in which the *Kansas City Star* found "a semblance of the Grand Style." Also, we knew, he had published a novel which moved the *Philadelphia Record* to exclaim of it that "every page is a joy," and caused the *Press* of that incomparable city to note that "Mr.

[1] *One Hundred Best Books,* by John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw, 1916.

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Powys's style is the style of Thomas Hardy"—we paid small attention to the characteristically cloistered observation of the *Nation* that it was "a book of distinctive flavor," detecting in that unhandsomely reticent estimate a soul inimical to sweetness or to light. We knew, finally, that Mr. Powys was famous, was International. Nevertheless, we felt it our duty to explore the *Confessions*, in order that we might be prepared to approach *One Hundred Best Books* with some preliminary knowledge, authoritatively derived, as to the qualities of mind and heart which the author must have brought to the conduct of his high and consecrated task.

The first thing we learned (and we beg the reader not to object, in haste, that the point is irrelevant)—the first thing we learned was communicated to us in this passage, on the opening page of the *Confessions*: "It came over me yesterday that the whole secret of my being, of my happiness and my misery, was to be discovered in my *hands*." It seems that when Mr. Powys is quiescent, or engaged in quotidian pursuits (eating or bathing or tieing a shoe-string or posting a letter) his hands are dead hands—clumsy, helpless, inert: "They are out of reach of the electricity of my being. My consciousness does not penetrate to where they hang." But when Mr. Powys is lecturing, a miracle occurs: "My hands change completely and my consciousness flows through them to the tips of my fingers. . . . I feel them as I speak; and between them and the waves of my thought there is a direct magnetic connection. Under ordinary conditions my hands are the hands of a dead body. When I am lecturing, they are the hands of a lover; of a lover caressing his darling." Fascinating as this is, we were still unsatisfied; but the *Confessions* led us further: they took us from those inspired and amorous hands inward, upward, and downward. We found, according to Mr. Powys, that his exterior appearance "gives an impression of power and formidableness that is altogether misleading": for beneath his "Roman Despot look" he conceals a shrinking timidity, "the soul of a slave." Traveling still further inward, we ascertained that Mr. Powys is dowered with a mind that is "singularly clear, fluid, and nimble"; yet we learned, with a brief sigh for the inescapable carnality of our kind, that, for Mr. Powys, the earth-breath is dangerously seductive: "I live," he tells us, "a double life. I live in my mind, which is eternally restless, mobile, and light as air;

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and in my sensations, which are heavily-weighted, earth-bound . . .'' As to his creed: '' I believe everything and —nothing; and I pass from sensation to sensation like a moth from bush to bush.'' In his tastes, Mr. Powys prefers blue to yellow, satin to velvet, horse-hair sofas to cushioned couches.''

Concerning his quality as a critic, we were cheered to find that for once the encomium on the publisher's wrapper is correct. Mr. Powys, says the wrapper, '' is without a peer in his particular field: that of telling rapt audiences the adventures of his soul among masterpieces ''; and this is corroborated by the candid admission of Mr. Powys himself: for he tells us in the *Confessions* that he is '' an eloquently impassioned critic '' (" not even my enemies could deny my right to that title,'' says he). Indeed, he is prepared to rate himself as '' the very acme and apogee of a born critic '' (" I do not regard it as an outrageous claim,'' he observes). Gifted with an '' abnormal and insatiable receptivity, a sort of sensual voluptuousness in the intellectual world,'' it is easy to understand by what path he has climbed to his apogee. Finally,—and we shall do well to remember the caution,—Mr. Powys utters this warning: '' I am much cleverer than my enemies suppose ''; though how so genial and confiding a soul as Mr. Powys could have incurred any enemies we find it impossible to perceive.

You now have, perhaps, an outline of Mr. Powys,—from the mystical sentience of his hands and the duality of his inner life and the shape and texture of his mind, to his taste in sofas and his affinity with the moth. And so we come to the *Hundred Best Books.*

Clearly it was rare sport for Mr. Powys to compile this scrupulously heterodox catalogue. In selecting his list he was actuated, he tells us, by '' shameless subjectivity ''; and he realized that his choice of books would be '' a challenge to the intelligence perusing it.'' The claims of venerated reputations have not annoyed him. He glories in the '' essential right of personal choice ''; and '' the great still images from the dusty museum of standard authors '' can go hang for all he cares. So it would never do to demand of him indignantly why he omits George Eliot and includes Mr. Gilbert Cannan; for that would be merely playing into his hands: that is precisely what he wants you to do. He rejoices in his contempt for the '' well-read '' philistine, the worshiper

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of orthodox excellence. He is the tameless urchin of criticism, and he makes his outrageous racket with his stick on your front fence in order that you may be teased to come out and swear at him.

You find a list which begins soberly enough (it is, no doubt, intended as a decoy) with the Psalms of David, the *Odyssey*, The *Bacchæ* of Euripides, Horace, Catullus, the *Divine Comedy*, Rabelais, *Candide*, Shakespeare (with *Troilus and Cressida*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Timon of Athens* preferred for special mention), Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, Cervantes, Goethe, Emerson: you find this list, which starts off with such sweet and classic reasonableness, abruptly presenting you with Sudermann and his *Song of Songs*, Hauptmann and *The Fool in Christ*, Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, Mr. Edgar Lee Masters and his *Spoon River Anthology*, and—Mr. Oliver Onions: whereby you know that Mr. Powys is off at last, clattering happily with his ribald stick along your decorous palings.

Thereafter, the fun progresses according to Mr. Powys's uncompromising schedule. Artzibasheff with his *Sanine* is yoked with Lamb and his *Elia;* Mr. George Bernard Shaw, costumed as John Tanner, flees in panic from Jane Austen; Mr. Chesterton, spouting conciliatory paradoxes, walks arm-in-arm with Emily Brontë. Ruthlessly Mr. Powys assembles them. You do not know whether to ponder more over those who have been invited to the party or over those who have been ignored. Here is Oscar Wilde; but where is Plato? You are delighted to welcome *Alice in Wonderland;* but where is Maeterlinck? Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is here, and so is Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan; Mr. Arnold Bennett chats amicably with his rival trilogist, Mr. Onions; and Anton Tchekov broods gently by himself, perhaps wondering why Tolstoi was omitted from the list of guests—a slight which he must bear in common with the authors of the Book of Job, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, the New Testament, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Chaucer, Webster, Marlowe, Fielding, Flaubert, Hawthorne, Defoe, the *Upanishads*, the *Arabian Nights*, and a host of other disconsolate immortals and abandoned masterworks.

We like Mr. Powys. We like his *gamineries*, his charming assurance, his cosy confidences, his exuberant atrocities. He is indeed, as he says, an acme and an apogee.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

PRINCIPLES OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT. By Frank J. Goodnow. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1916.

Modestly offered as a work that may "be found useful as a text-book for beginners in the study of government in colleges and high school classes," Dr. Goodnow's volume, by virtue of its unusual breadth of treatment and its masterly condensation, stands quite apart from most text-books, and indeed from most treatises designed for the general reader. The book is based upon lectures which were delivered in the year 1913-14 before the students of Peking University. The fact that Dr. Goodnow, as legal adviser of the Chinese Government at a critical period in the history of the country, was called upon to explain the nature of constitutional government to a people who had had no experience of it, has resulted, not in a too elementary or diffusely explanatory discussion, but in a treatment that is at once broadly impartial and practically clear.

Beginning with a consideration of constitutional government and written constitutions, the author proceeds to a statement of the general problems of a federal government. This is followed by discussions of federal government in the United States as it existed before and after the Civil War,—discussions which point clearly to the conclusion that "in a developing country whose economic conditions are changing, it is impossible to fix in detail, and beyond the possibility of change, the position of either the central government or the state governments." The chapters immediately following take up briefly, but with essential adequacy and clearness, federal government in Canada, federal government in Australia, and the government of the South African Union. The American conception of executive power is next fully drawn out, and then carefully compared with the European conception. Even more illuminating than this is the contrast between presidential government and cabinet government, which the author develops in the next succeeding chapter. Critically profound and vitally interesting, moreover, are, in particular, those chapters which deal with the

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bicameral system of legislative organization, with the position and powers of the courts in the constitutional government of England, of the United States and of various continental European countries, and with private rights as variously conceived in the United States, in England, and on the continent of Europe. Other topics essential to the subject are fully treated, and the author's discussions of the suffrage and methods of representation, of methods of voting, of parliamentary procedure, and of local institutions as they exist in several of the most important countries of the world, are highly suggestive.

So far as the treatise is argumentative rather than descriptive it leans toward the radical rather than the conservative side, taking a pragmatic view of political institutions. In other words, while Dr. Goodnow holds to the ideal of constitutional government as a government not of men but of laws, he does not regard the principles upon which the American form of constitutionalism is based as in all cases self-evident and unalterable. Thus he strongly urges the view that no modern constitution should attempt to form a distinctly "federal government"—that is, that there should be no attempt to enumerate the powers of either a central government or of provinces. In this connection he points out that, as shown by the experience of the United States, Canada, and Australia, the distribution of the powers of government between a central government and provinces is almost necessarily accompanied by the grant to some sort of judicial body of power to declare legislative acts unconstitutional. The exercise of this power, it is shown, has been followed by certain bad results. "Nothing is more important," declares Dr. Goodnow, "at the present time in most countries than to remove the courts from the influence of politics, to which the exercise of such power necessarily subjects them, and to encourage among the people in every way a respect for the law." The alternative, upon which the author looks with favor, is the plan which provides that "The general legislative power of the country be vested in a national parliament, which, however, will be recognized as having the right to delegate the exercise of its powers to any provinces which may be established." Such a plan, it is argued, may easily be so framed as to permit both the continuance in the immediate future of existing conditions and of a gradual development in accord with changes in circumstances, while ample opportunity will be insured for all necessary local action.

The argument at this point is historical and inductive. Little attempt is made to deal with theoretic objections to the form of government indicated as practically best, except that the theory which upholds the protection of individual or "natural" rights as the true end and aim of government is analyzed and dismissed. Apart, however, from such distinctly controversial points, it may be said that Dr. Goodnow's book, by reason of its comprehensiveness

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and its critical and comparative method, is in no ordinary degree enlightening. It gives a clear and fair approach to the fundamental problems of constitutional government; it sets forth the peculiarities of the American system side by side with the differing features of European Governments in a manner that compels the adoption of a sufficiently broad and unbiassed view: finally, where it does not criticize, it paves the way for a criticism of some of our cherished institutions that shall be at least moderate, sane, and defensible.

THROUGH RUSSIAN CENTRAL ASIA. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

There is no one of Stephen Graham's books which has a less manifest reason for being than this latest volume of his, and there is none that is more irresistibly charming. No matter how many stories of wanderings in various lands Mr. Graham writes, his manner never becomes dry and professional; his narratives never reveal a sense of effort nor a feeling of obligation to write about anything in particular. His writing is simply the natural reflex of his personality—a personality extraordinarily sensitive to the wonder of human life and of nature. This sense of wonder is, of course, quite a different thing from the sort of astonishment that novelty produces: it is in fact coexistent with a rather unusual capacity for accepting what is strange with calmness and for taking things in the way of a man of the world exactly as they come. But in all Mr. Graham's books, the sense of life as a sort of standing miracle, though never enforced upon the reader in set terms, is extraordinarily vivid. Of the various ways of being intensely interested in life which give savor to literature, Mr. Graham's is one of the best and one of the most successfully expressed. It is the way of a poet and a philosopher who has not become too poetic or too philosophic to be a vagabond and a prizer of unconsidered trifles. It is the way of a novelist who is emancipated from the restrictions of plot and formal method.

Long familiarity with the Russian people and long thought about them have made things Russian Mr. Graham's best theme. The vein of quiet mysticism in his thought helps him to interpret rightly Russian folk and Russian scene. The story of his long, lonely journey, on foot for the most part, through the little known region of Russian Central Asia is, as has been said, one of the most rewarding of his tales. Mr. Graham has a sympathetic appreciation of things in the large as well as of things in the little. He is able to make much of deserts, of mountains, of cities, of crowds. With the skill of an artist, too, he brings out the full value of the occasional astonishing bit of scenery, of the vital touch of human nature, of the little incident of the way.

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In particular the author's rediscovery of Bokhara—Bokhara the wealthy, the antique, "an endless storehouse of covetable goods"; Bokhara, the most Oriental of cities, with its fifty bazaars and its "gorgeous vendors sitting patiently, not asking you to buy, staring at the heaps of metallics, silver bits, and notes resting on the little tabourets in front of them; Bokhara which nevertheless imports Singer sewing machines, and which has a moving picture theatre advertising that "the tango will be shown after the presentation of a striking comedy called 'The Suffragette' . . ." the whole description is remarkable, alike for its unmistakable reality and its charm of the *Arabian Nights*. Peculiarly informing—or, better, peculiarly capable of direct absorption into the mind—are the author's discourses upon Mohammedan cities and Mohammedan psychology: discourses which convey, as every true description of a genuine human thing should, an intelligent liking for the thing described. Mr. Graham enables one to feel that there is a certain cheerful and rational joy in being a Mohammedan and in living in Bokhara. Very different, it should be noted, is the author's view of this great religion, this widespread type of civilization, from that of Carlyle, who "saw mankind as Scotsmen, and all true religion whatever as a sort of Southern Scottish Puritanism." Mr. Graham himself is inveterately alive to differences of soul.

Fundamentally the charm of Mr. Graham's book is poetic—though his language is the most natural of prose and his point of view admits the commonplace. Like poetry, this book, in particular, is a widener of mental horizons and a balm to the spirit.

POTENTIAL RUSSIA. By Richard Washburn Child. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Russia is beginning to be the most interesting nation in the world. Hitherto that country has been thought of as possessed of immense inertia—and perhaps in the somewhat distant future, of great possibilities—but the immediate likelihood of Russia's proving herself capable of rapid progress, of her displaying the qualities that may make for a superior civilization, has seemed to most observers decidedly small.

Undoubtedly, it is dangerous to generalize about a people like the Russians, varied in race, distributed over a vast territory, and up to the present at least, imperfectly united by a national consciousness. And it is easy to idealize on the basis of certain striking phenomena which the war has brought to light. In no other nation, for example, has there been anything to compare with Russia's nation-wide prohibition and its effects. Would such a measure be possible among any other people, and could the change

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from prevalent drunkenness to almost complete sobriety possibly be so marked in any other land? At any rate, the experiment and its results have impressed the world.

Mr. Richard Washburn Child, in his stimulating volume, *Potential Russia,* takes perhaps a rather rosy view of Russian possibilities; but he seems, nevertheless, a fairly trustworthy mentor, for the reason that his method is to attempt to discover the real qualities of the common Russian man and woman. In the common soldier, for example, he finds qualities of self-sacrifice and idealism inconsistent with the ordinary notion of the Russian soldier as a stolid, unthinking creature. "Maxim," the typical peasant, as Mr. Child conceives him, with his "lusty health," his good though untrained mind, "his blue eyes in which no one could quite tell whether there were simplicity or guile, dense ignorance or the ancient meditations of old Oriental mysteries," is a person of lovable qualities and of unknown possibilities. And Maxim, "who is more a conscripted, herded, Government-driven soldier than any in the war, is serving with all the strength of his free will, with fierce bravery, with self-effacement." Perhaps the general ignorance of the Russian peasant has not been overestimated; but his "free will," his capacity for idealistic action, have been underrated. As the result of changes produced by the war his mind is being awakened, and through further changes which seem certain to come, he will learn more and more.

By reason of his standpoint, his recognition of the human factors in the problem, Mr. Child is able to answer with what seems a superior degree of certainty some of the commoner questions that are asked about Russia and the Russian people. Why did the Czar supplant the Grand Duke? Will Russia make a separate peace? Is the German influence strong? Will there be a revolution? Is Russia permeated by graft? To all these questions the author gives answers that seem reasonable and psychologically sound.

Turning from the people to the land, Mr. Child points out the economic possibilities of Russia briefly but with convincing force, and he shows with clearness and good sense the sort of changes that will have to occur in the American attitude and in American ways of doing business, before Americans can take proper advantage of the opportunity for commercial enterprise which Russia presents.

It may be that Mr. Child's enthusiasm carries him rather far; but his book is illuminating and awakening in its presentation of the more hopeful and human side of the Russian people. It will remove many misconceptions, and it indicates tendencies that surely exist, whatever may be their present power or rate of development.

The impressions contained in this volume are presented with power. There is a vividness and a realization of human feeling in Mr. Childs's pictures, especially of the Russian refugees, such as is equalled in few war-books. The zest and narrative power with

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which the author writes hold the interest and move the sympathies in a way that is remarkable in a book, not of fiction, but of scrupulously expressed fact and opinion.

NIGHTS. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1916.

There is a kind of ascetic restraint in the reminiscent delight of Elizabeth Robins Pennell's book of memories of parts of her life spent in Rome and Venice and London and Paris. Part of this effect, no doubt, is due to the author's scrupulous care to avoid indiscreet revelations and to her anxiety to refrain from writing again what she has already written elsewhere. But in larger measure this quality is simply the stamp of genuineness. Mrs. Pennell has obviously striven to recall the fugitive atmosphere of the past, as for one of the inner circle, rather than to paint that past in conventionally glowing colors for the benefit of those of a later day and of an outer group. A kind of good-natured garrulousness, therefore—a willingness to make allowances for the reader's prepossessions and even to play upon them somewhat, which sometimes helps to make reminiscence facilely interesting—is entirely absent from this record. Not William Dean Howells himself is more devoted to the truth than is Mrs. Pennell in this book.

Another circumstance which bears witness to the fine and scrupulous genuineness of these memoirs, is the fact that the nights of play of which the author tells were set against days of work, which formed their matrix and background. The pages of the book thus reflect the temper of strenuous earnestness, the contempt of all manner of falsity and pretense, as well as the liberal spirit which is characteristic of the true artist. The qualities that make real artists a class by themselves, and a rather exclusive class, are in this book—which the author is, however, continually trying to make communicative and not exclusive.

The result of all this is that these recollections of Mrs. Pennell's show a finer sense of values, and hence are far more rewarding, to those who have ears to hear, than are reminiscences of the more overtly revealing or concretely story-telling type. In reading of these bygone nights, one can hardly fail to catch something of the feeling of artistic life as it was in Rome and Venice in "the æsthetic eighties" and in London and Paris in "the fighting nineties." What the author does *not* say often contributes to the building up of a true impression or the correction of a false one.

Mrs. Pennell does not give only general or summary impressions: she portrays places and people as they were at certain moments; the feeling not of the day only but of the hour lives again in her pages. Nor are her descriptions merely photographic. There

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is in them the subtle power of interpretation which is necessary to make one person's impression of what is distant in space or time really understood by others.

The places and incidents of the narrative, however, supply, in fact, but a setting for the personalities. It is in the portraiture of people of large and distinctive character that the chief value of the reminiscences consists. In the delineation of such persons the author's skill in truthful representation is at its best. Men such as Henley and "Bob" Stevenson, who are drawn, so to speak, full length, are presented with the delicacy and the revealing skill of a portrait painter. It is characteristic of Mrs. Pennell's art and of her fine reserve that the features fall, as it were, into vagueness or shadow, just at the point where speculation about human minds and souls begins to become a bit futile or impertinent.

The people of the story, Vedder, Duveneck, Henry Harland, Aubrey Beardsley—of whom quite a new impression is given—Phil May and the rest, all appear before us informally, in friendly wise, with no notion apparently of putting the best foot forward and rather with a desire not to appear especially clever, but completely themselves. Whistler, too, seems always present throughout the narrative, in spirit if not in body. Then, too, there are the lesser lights and the eccentrics. There is Donoghue, in despair because he could not find in Rome a youth as beautiful as himself to pose for his Young Sophocles. "To listen to him was to believe that Narcissus had come to life again." There is the weary Jobbins—who was unwilling to paint any but a great picture, and who could never find his theme in Venice, "where there is nothing to paint that has not been painted hundreds, or thousands, or millions of times before." There is the ingenious "Mr. Forepaugh," who knew everything, and there are many more of these candid and self-revealing persons of greater or less talent for art or for amusement.

To readers who value the finer shades of truth in the more intimate interests of life, these recollections of Mrs. Pennell's, full of the stimulus and gaiety of fine friendship and fine acquaintance with people of genius, will prove a precious book.

THE CHURCH ENCHAINED. By the Reverend William A. R. Goodwin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1916.

It is a vast and vital subject which Dr. Goodwin treats in his discourse upon the relation of the Church to the modern world, which he has entitled *The Church Enchained.* To many thoughtful observers it has seemed that the present war has been the *reductio ad absurdum* of Christianity. We read very frequently regretful references to the passing of the old era, to the downfall of Christian civilization, and to the possible coming of new gods. Not only

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is the present devastation of Europe a violent challenge to Christian ideals, and an apparent demonstration of the ineffectiveness of Christian teaching, but it has seemed to show that the Church is powerless. Men are asking with an intensity hardly ever equalled before what religion is, what the Christian Church is. Out of this questioning, out of the trials of beliefs by fire, it is likely that a new and stronger faith will finally emerge. It will henceforth be impossible, one feels, for men to palter and chop logic about religious matters, as they have done in the past, or to be content with half-beliefs or hypocrisies. One of the results to which a more robust and more profound religious faith seems likely to lead is a closer approach to unity among the churches of the world and especially, perhaps, in America—a drawing together as regards the essential matters of faith and practise that would make religion a more effective force for the betterment of man's estate.

Church unity is, in fact, the theme of Dr. Goodwin's book. For the general reader, the treatise does not wholly satisfy. In the first place Dr. Goodwin treats a theme of enormous import from a rather special point of view; for though he takes a really wide view of his subject as a whole, he writes chiefly of church unity as seen from within the Church of England. The treatise, therefore, is of more interest to churchmen than to others, and this, considering the magnitude of the subject and the receptiveness toward it that is beginning to appear, is disappointing. In the second place it may be said, without failure to recognize Dr. Goodwin's intense sincerity and his breadth of mind, that his discourse tends to be somewhat diffuse; and the style throughout is not always that of one who has completely mastered the secret of eloquence upon a weighty topic. Despite these features, however, Dr. Goodwin's book, because of its breadth and its energetic earnestness, is worthy of serious consideration. It is symptomatic of a tendency that may grow to unforeseen importance.

IMPERILLED AMERICA. By John Callan O'Laughlin. Chicago: The Reilly Britton Company, 1916.

It is important, indeed, as Mr. O'Laughlin declares in the preface of his recently published work, *Imperilled America*, that the general public should be informed of the causes which have led eminent statesmen to demand that the United States be prepared against war. The difficulty is that all these causes are, in the nature of the case, somewhat speculative, and the result of this is that it is in some cases no easy matter to bring home to the man in the street the reality of the dangers which are said to threaten this country. At the present stage of the preparedness discussion—a stage in which preparedness, despite the vagueness of popular

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ideas on the subject, seems to be carrying the day—the only sort of book which would seem to have much chance of further influencing public opinion is one which delves rather deeply into international cause and effect. Of such delving there is little in Mr. O'Laughlin's book. In purposely refraining, as he says, from "excessive detail," he seems to have sacrificed the opportunity to go deeply into any one phase of his subject.

With the alleged causes of danger to the United States from foreign countries, most persons who read are doubtless more or less familiar. The author makes out his case rather by the massing of evidence than by a convincing analysis of it. It is true that at the present time, as never before in the same degree, we have points of contact and potential points of conflict with nearly every nation of the world. It is true that there is danger for us in a vacillating foreign policy, and perhaps that our function as a "melting pot" of races connotes a possible weakness. Then there are the Monroe Doctrine, which we must defend, the Caribbean problem, our interests in the Pacific, the Open Door in China, the Japanese portent, and many other sources of disagreement between ourselves and other nations. We have become a world Power; we can no longer boast of splendid isolation, and obviously many foreign Powers are or may be vitally interested in questions that vitally interest us. It is really not difficult to show that certain of these Powers might by aggression profit greatly at our expense. In all this there is little that is not, in a manner, common talk. But if there are readers whose eyes need to be opened to the existence of possibilities in our foreign relations that may lead to conflict, Mr. O'Laughlin's treatise should serve with them a useful purpose.

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CONTEMPORARY ECHOES

"POLITICAL PLEDGES"

(*From the Hartford Courant*)

From month to month expectation is on tiptoe to catch what Editor Harvey will say next in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW concerning the Presidential campaign and its candidates and prospects. His brilliant essays bristling with criticism and sparkling with wit, have brought it to pass that attention waits upon his utterances as upon those of no other writer of our day. Here he is again, and almost surpassing himself in a discussion of "Political Pledges," which cuts to the quick and must provoke inextinguishable laughter, not only in Republican circles, but among the Democratic gods and heroes as well, if, peradventure, they retain any sense of honesty and humor.

Mr. Harvey arrives at the issues of the campaign by what he calls a somewhat circuitous route, but his lamentation over Maud, the devoted, but departed Democratic mule, whose heart was broken at Bryan's withdrawal from the Cabinet, is—pardon the classical phrase—"funnier than a goat." Witness her epitaph: "Here lies Maud, aetat 42, the Most Faithful Mule (except John W. Kern) in all Indiana. Requiescat in pace."

Mr. Harvey proceeds to review the aggregation of positive pledges contained in the Democratic platform of 1912, and to recall some of those pledges in the light of Mr. Wilson's declaration that "we say what we mean, and mean what we say," and that "our pledges are made to be kept while in office." One by one he recalls them, quoting them verbatim, to show how they have been rejected by a Democratic Congress and President or repudiated by a Democratic convention, and, in some cases, "for the quite obvious purpose of depriving the opposition of an issue." No less than twelve of these positive pledges are accurately recalled to be designated as broken or violated or "nothing done."

Over that one which bound the Democratic candidate to the principle of a single Presidential term Mr. Harvey discreetly draws a veil. From all the rest he withdraws the veil. It is neither permissible nor practicable to copy here the pages of this searching and scathing exposure of the Democratic Party's claim of fidelity to its promises. They should be read line for line and word for word. But the conclusion of them is clear enough in the following words: "The ghastly irony of it all! And the brazen humbug of pretense!" Particularly incisive is the criticism of Mr. Wilson's renunciation of the historic Democratic doctrine of the tariff

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and his recognition of the right and power, hitherto denied, to impose protective duties. On the eve of an election the President accepts "this timely proposal" of protection, and "the Democrtic sugar-coated pill" is duly swallowed by the faithful in their abject docility.

With regard to the predominant question of Americanism, Mr. Harvey quotes both the Republican and the Democratic pronouncements, and adds: "Herein the Republican Party has a tremendous advantage and makes most effective appeal." He scores Mr. Wilson's "belligerent but unsupported notes" and his humiliating failure to safeguard the lives and properties of American citizens. He indicates the insincerity and fatuity of that part of the Democratic declaration of Americanism which hints at alien conspiracies, and upon which the President insisted, and calls it "mere political buncombe of the cuttlefish variety." How sad is this last for the pro-German shouters against Hughes!

Finally, says Mr. Harvey, the issue "will be one of sincerity based upon character." It would be rash to prophesy the future attitude or action of a prophet, and where Mr. Harvey will be found as the decisive day draws near, is as yet conjectural. But his words, "Sincerity based upon character," touch the root of the whole matter, as many regard it. Not only in the numerous violations or evasions of positive pledges, and in a great variety of political inconsistency and buncombe have we had insincerity, but in other things as well. We have had rhetorical felicities, oratorical idealism, brave and beautiful expositions of contradictory principles, a sententious and sometimes eloquent self-complacency, a profession of almost idolatrous yet most autocratic people-worship, not to mention other striking things, but what we have not had, what to our mind has, for the most part, been lacking in utterances and actions, is the clear, distinct, unmistakable note and ring of a simple sincerity. That is the matter, and for many besides Mr. Harvey "the ultimate issue will be one of sincerity based upon character."

(*From the Louisville Courier-Journal*)

Somebody ought to take George Harvey out somewhere and talk to him. He is going on scan'lous. Under the guise of a feeling tribute to Maud—the Indiana mule that fell down when she undertook to put Mr. Bryan in the White House—he indites a satiric homily upon party platforms, not to mention the broken promises of public men. Since when were political pledges made to be kept? The first thing that the editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW knows he will be suspected of a leaning for Hughes.

Then he has come out for Huerta. It is true that Huerta is dead. Maybe that explains the reason why. It costs nothing and it may excite sympathy. Colonel Harvey was ever a sentimentalist. "There was no difficulty," he says in a vein that might be thought critical of our good Woodrow Wilson, "in sending Huerta to prison to die, though for what offense nobody knows." Heavens! Didn't Huerta drink? Was he not suspected of playing cards? Was it not sufficient offense that he got in the way of the New Freedom and made faces at the Gospel of Humanity? Shades of Von Papen—sakes of Boy-Ed—what would Colonel Harvey have?

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But to be serious—which in an atmosphere of so much wit is a trifle binding—with respect to the President's indictment of certain foreigners, the renowned editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is neither wary nor just. Quoting Mr. Wilson's flag-day speech to the effect that "there is disloyalty active in the United States that must be crushed," Colonel Harvey says:

"Now if it be a fact—and surely no President would make so grave an accusation unless sure of his ground—that disloyalty is not only 'active in the United States,' but even 'shows its ugly head' where he can 'see it'; if, in other words, as is plainly implied, the country is infested with traitors whose whereabouts are known or discoverable, whose business is it to run them to earth and either drive them out of the country or put them in jail?

"Surely the obligation does not rest upon Mr. Hughes, who has neither the information nor the authority. And surely not upon a political party out of power, which is neither required nor able to enforce the laws. Where then lies the duty?

"The accusation is of conspiracy 'instigated for the purpose of advancing the interests of foreign countries to the prejudice and detriment of our own country.' Whether or not such an act falls technically within the constitutional definition of treason as 'adhering to their (the United States') enemies, giving them aid and comfort,' it comes perilously near it, and, in any case, it constitutes a crime punishable under laws which either exist already or could be obtained in a day's time.

"The Constitution fixes the responsibility and confers the authority upon the President himself. If he possesses the information, why does he not act instead of meaninglessly warning political opponents against 'surrendering their integrity' and 'modifying their policy'? We can understand why the adversaries of a candidate for re-election might call him to task for failure to heed his oath to enforce the laws, but self-accusation on the part of a President himself is, we venture to assert, no less unprecedented than it is amazing. The most charitable conclusion is that the charge itself either lacks foundation or could not be sustained or is mere political buncombe of the cuttlefish variety."

Colonel Harvey must know—his reading of detective stories as they relate equally to Scotland Yard and old Mulberry Street cannot have failed to inform him—that although Inspector Bucket is sure both of his man and the man's deed of crime, he dare not make the arrest without a warrant. The guilt must be *de facto*. The malefactor must be taken red-handed. Suspicion amounting to certainty is not enough.

(*From the Louisville Herald*)

Colonel George Harvey, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, laments the death of Maud, confidential adviser to William Jennings Bryan, whom, it was announced in 1896, she would accompany to Washington on the occasion of that inauguration.

It never happened. An unkind fate intervened. She had to live along as best she could till 1900. And then again it didn't happen. She must needs be comforted for eight years more awaiting that call from Colonel Bryan that a discerning electorate just kept right on putting off until a more convenient day. Restored to chirpiness when her idol accepted the position of Secretary of State "as a stepping stone to the Presidency," she took sick at the time of the great severance, pined away and died. On her headstone will be found these chiselled words:

> Here lies Maud, aetat 42, the Most Faithful Mule in All Indiana. Requiescat in pace.

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And when Mr. Bryan beheld that "pace" he "lifted up his voice and wept."

Colonel Harvey wants us to believe that the reason why the Democratic platform bears no resemblance to those which preceded it is because Maud, the soul and inspiration of the others, lies dead. It followed that President Wilson had a free hand. And so, by the grace of Maud, deceased but not forgotten, we reach the issues of the day.

The noticeable thing about them is that they are not issues. They are pledges made "to be kept while in office." They do not expound Democratic doctrine as in the palmy days of Maud. They are conventional, not doctrinal, and with as little of the Star-Eyed as could decently be excluded. How true the remark that, if Maud didn't die of a broken heart, she might have. Yes, and should have.

There are for the sake of succession in all Democratic platforms some reaffirmations that are meaningless, and meant to be. There are some unreserved indorsements, insincere and not ashamed of it, there are some palpable denials of earlier planks.

Take for example the one declaring Governors of our Territories must be qualified by bona fide residence. That was 1912. Burton Harrison was sent to the Philippines; Yager to Porto Rico. That was later. Neither had ever seen the blessed islands before—like enough, never wanted to.

Maud died at the psychological moment. She could not forget the *Lusitania* and the meaningless pledge of 1912 as to the constitutional rights of American citizens that must go with them throughout the world. She could not bear to think of that protection guaranteed to them on the border and of the hundreds of American lives lost in Mexico to whom protection was specifically and officially denied. How could Maud look upon her benefactor, who was also her ward, and not shed a tear when people mentioned a single term?

The Democratic Party had a great forgettery.

Maud had an accusing memory.

She had suffered much and suffered many. She had lost the art of kicking.

Decidedly, Maud is better dead.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE TARIFF COMMISSION PLAN

SIR,—The article by Hon. James B. Reynolds, formerly a member of Taft's Tariff Board, appearing in your June issue under the title, "The Tariff Commission Plan, Its Facts and Fallacies," is so replete with careless and inaccurate statements as to confuse rather than to clarify this important question.

Mr. Reynolds' paper indicates that he must have read very carelessly the Rainey Tariff Commission Bill, known as the Administration's measure. This is the only bill that is being considered. It passed the House and is now, as I write, before the Senate. Mr. Reynolds failed to grasp the true significance of this bill, and he reads into it provisions that do not appear, and then criticizes them.

The Tariff Commission League, of which the writer is president and active director, has carried forward a very extensive campaign of education in support of this bill. He made the original draft and assisted Mr. Rainey in getting it into its present form. In the propaganda carried forward it was made entirely clear that the Tariff Commission could not fix rates, that it could not determine a tariff policy, and that it could not take away from Congress powers given that body by the Constitution. The Commission would be a creature of Congress and therefore subject to it. The Interstate Commerce Commission is on a very different basis. It can establish, change and discontinue rates. It is not dealing with taxation. The Constitution places the matter of Federal taxation entirely in the hands of Congress and all measures relating thereto must originate in the House of Representatives. Hence there are no grounds whatever for the statement of Mr. Reynolds that those backing this measure have demanded that "upon it be conferred the power to make rates." Such suggestions have appeared from time to time in the public press, coming from people who are uninformed.

Mr. Reynolds criticizes and ridicules the slogan, "Take the tariff out of politics," saying that this can only be done when you can take oxygen out of the air, and the people out of politics, etc. Further along he admits that tariff-making in Europe is not a political question, but an economic one, and that their "tariffs are made to fit the needs of the nation and not the sequence of a political victory," and that tariffs are for the direct and personal benefits of the country. If Europe has succeeded in taking the tariff out of politics, why may we not do so?

Except for the excellent work of Taft's Tariff Board, of which Mr. Reynolds was a member, there has been no attempt worthy the name to gather

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full and exact information necessary for the enactment of tariff schedules on the lines of economic necessity. The practice has been to make up schedules by log-rolling and trading, based upon assumption, distorted facts, and political expediency. Practically all that people have heretofore heard about the tariff was through the juggling of facts exploited for political advantage. No tariff act ever passed in this country worked out as promised, and every one proved a disappointment to its friends and an opportunity to its enemies for further political exploitation.

When the Tariff Commission that is to be shall have gathered all the essential data relating to the subject, both revenue and protective; shall have classified and indexed the same and put it into simple English: then, and only then, will the people be able to understand the subject. When this is done, we may be very sure that the people will determine at the ballot-box, once and for all, the policy it wishes the country to follow; and it never can do this until it has all the facts in understandable form. When this point has been reached, there will be no question about the tariff policy in this country, any more than in the European countries the gentleman refers to; and, as he aptly says, "under such conditions there is no dispute as to what the basic theory of a new tariff law should be, and it will only remain for those making it to do the detail work and see that each industry receives fair play and just treatment." This is exactly the goal we expect to reach. As a matter of fact, the general plan proposed for a non-partisan Tariff Commission has been accepted by all parties, and for the first time in the history of this country, the three principal political parties have endorsed it in their party platforms. So already we see results. In a very large degree the tariff as a political issue has been sterilized.

The gentleman makes another very serious and fundamental misstatement in assuming that the Tariff Board will make definite recommendations as to rates. The Rainey Tariff Commission Bill gives no power to do so. The Commission's work will be simply to report facts, and all the facts, and to assist the dominant party in Congress to write the fairest tariff bill possible, based upon the information gathered. Mr. Reynolds quotes his experience and shows that it is entirely practicable for a tariff board made of members of opposing political faiths and with a different conception of what the tariff policy should be to agree upon facts. He says that they did so on the wool schedule and found that it cost the United States nine cents per pound more to raise wool than it did Australia, yet the two parties differed radically upon what the wool tariff should be.

He says further: "There is danger also that a Tariff Commission might get into its head the idea that it must constantly make recommendations for changes in order to justify its existence." The answer to this is that the Commission has no power to make such recommendations, and, as the gentleman ought to know, the Tariff Commission will have a man's job to cover the work definitely assigned to it, and that to do so will call for all of its physical strength and ability. He says that in framing the Underwood Tariff, the findings of the Taft Tariff Board were completely ignored. This was not the case. I have assurances from the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House and the Finance Committee of the Senate that in both the wool and cotton schedules the report of the Taft Tariff Board as to facts was accepted, and that the cotton schedule could not have been satisfactorily written without it, and that this report was the principal authority in determining upon the facts in preparing the wool sched-

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ule. Both these gentlemen spoke in high praise of the personnel of the Taft Tariff Board and had a high respect for its work.

The occasion of this communication lies in the fact that the gentleman who wrote the article referred to is so widely known as one having had experience in this matter, that the writer feels that the public should not be misled by any statements which, though sincerely made, do not conform to the facts.

H. H. GROSS,
President, Tariff Commission League.

CHICAGO, ILL.

A REPLY TO THE FOREGOING

SIR,—The efficient chairman of the Tariff Commission League seems to have greatly misconstrued both the subject and the object of my article in your June issue. My purpose was to discuss the idea and plan of a tariff commission in general, and without reference to any particular measure that was either before Congress or in process of formation. His criticisms of statements made in that article seem to be entirely based on the supposition that I was dealing with the so-called Rainey bill and that some of the statements I made did not fit the provisions of that measure.

The entire answer to such criticism is the fact that I had neither the Rainey bill nor any other particular bill in mind, but only the broad and general proposition of the matter of a tariff commission—its possibilities and its impossibilities, and the mistaken notions in regard to the proper limitation of its powers. With the varying ideas of how much authority such a tariff body should have, I have come into personal contact very frequently. They have extended all the way from the idea that a tariff commission should be merely clerical in its labors, to the idea that it should go to the uttermost limit and have authority to make tariff rates. This latter proposition has gone so far as to be put into bills introduced in Congress.

Regarding the Democratic attitude on the subject of a tariff commission, I cannot agree with the optimistic view and the utopian picture painted by Mr. Gross. The Ways and Means Committee, of which Mr. Underwood was chairman, had no use either for the findings of the Tariff Board or for the principle upon which the work of the Board was based. There was no concealment of their disposition nor any doubt at the time as to the views of the Committee. The Democratic party was determined to frame a tariff law according to their own ideas and desires, and without either interference or suggestion from any outside body, no matter how non-partisan it might be. From President Wilson down, there has been no Democratic sympathy with the tariff commission idea. It was not until the exigencies of this year's campaign that it was deemed wise by the party in power to make an attempt to placate the business interests of the country by a seeming acquiescence in the creation of a tariff commission. It was distinctly of the type of death-bed repentance, and the strength of it depends entirely upon what is done should the patient recover and be restored to health.

I do not deem it necessary to go into the specific criticisms made by Mr. Gross, as so many of them are founded upon very palpable misconception of the purpose of the article. The ideas I put into print in regard to the tariff commission plan were those I had acquired during three years' experience as a member of the Tariff Board, and by a personal study of the tariff-

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making methods and habits of foreign countries in connection with tariff work abroad that I had done for the Government, previous to the creation of such Board. The efficiency of any tariff commission which may be appointed at the present time, and the amount of satisfaction which it will give to the business interests of the United States, will depend entirely upon how far the present occupant of the White House can lay aside the antipathy which he has felt, up to the last few months, toward the tariff commission idea in general, and his antipathy to a protective tariff which is still so much in evidence.

JAMES B. REYNOLDS.

NEW YORK CITY.

UNPREPAREDNESS DENIED

SIR,—I read your strictures on the mobilization of the National Guard in the number for the current month, and as I took part in the Civil War, the war with Spain, and in the Philippines, I think that I am in a position to "make a few remarks."

It is only within a few years that soldiers have been provided with clothing suited to the climate in which they are to serve. Troops formerly wore the same clothing summer and winter. Our army wore woolen clothing in the Mexican War; the British marched through India in the Mutiny wearing woolen uniforms, and the only expression of the opinion that something more suitable for Highlanders than feather bonnets by day and bare knees in the cold nights might be devised, came from a corporal of the 93d who kept a diary—nothing audible, however.

In our Civil War there was but one uniform for summer or winter, topped off with a jaunty fatigue cap or a stiff black felt hat, and there was no complaint.

The troops that went to the Philippines had khaki issued to them: this was an innovation.

I quote from the article: "It is indisputable that some levies of the National Guard were held at their home camps for some time because supplies of clothing, etc., were not forthcoming from Washington." The National Guard in every State is uniformed. Where were their uniforms when ordered into service? The presumption is that the National Guard proper did not wish to go, and their places were filled by recruits who had neither equipment nor rudimentary instruction.

In 1898 the 21st Kansas, when it arrived at Chickamauga, looked like Coxey's army. Such extra clothing as the men had was carried in bundles wrapped in tattered newspapers. It turned out that Kansas was never able to settle her Civil War accounts with Washington for lack of vouchers. This time the State went to no expense: it gave the men; the Government could do the rest.

Contrast this with New York's experience in the Civil War: the State furnished 278,000 men, all of them equipped to the "last gaiter button."

When General Arthur, the Quartermaster General of the State of New York, presented his accounts, they were promptly liquidated: for every charge there was a voucher. If any militia in 1916 be lacking for anything, it is not the fault of the General Government.

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Newspaper reporters delight in "copy"; they are so unscrupulous about what they say that they are not allowed to accompany foreign troops. I never heard any complaints about the food either in the Civil War, the war with Spain or in the Philippines. During the Civil War the ration consisted of bacon, hard tack and coffee, with beans quite often. I did hear some "cussing" once when the men were obliged to eat freshly killed meat for a few days, until the supplies overtook us. When we traveled by rail it certainly was not in sleepers, and the men depended upon their canteens for water. There were no demoralizing associations of well-meaning persons at home to send unneeded luxuries to men at the front. We had a Sanitary Commission that did splendid work, although at times very much in the way during operations in the field: it was hard sometimes to make them understand that the exigencies of a campaign were more important than humanity.

The Red Cross is a great improvement on the Sanitary Commission; both were an evolution of Florence Nightingale's idea in the Crimean War.

In 1899, the troops for the Philippines crossed the continent with abundant stores. Water was taken on as required. The Government supplies everything that is needed and much that is not. Generals Aleshire and Sharpe—the heads of our Supply Department—are two very capable and efficient officers, with great experience; therefore it is not possible that there can be any foundation for complaint by the alleged soldiers who have gone to the Rio Grande.

The federalization of the National Guard was an impracticable idea, and probably, to demonstrate to the country its impracticability, the War Department mobilized the National Guard and sent it to the border. Two-thirds of the Militia are good men, and with training will make good soldiers. One-third went reluctantly, and their shrieks are heard the length and breadth of the land.

It is obvious to most of us that trained troops must be met by trained troops—makeshifts will not take their place: the French tried at one time or another every variety of National Guard; after 1870 they resorted to compulsory, universal service, and the disasters of 1870 are now in a fair way to be avenged.

It may be that we, too, must suffer humiliation before we can be induced to prepare.

ROBERT W. LEONARD.

MOUNT KISCO, N. Y.

GERMANY AS OUR FUTURE RAVISHER

SIR,—In your editorial, "After the war—What?" in a recent number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, you seek to make out a clear case against Germany as the future ravisher of our country, in case she comes out victorious in the present struggle, by founding your argument on the following weighty points: (1) German former anti-American intrigues in the Caribbean, which will be renewed after her victory in a more telling way. (2) Experience has demonstrated that exhaustion after war is short-lived, and hence is no check upon the appetite for further war. (3) Ever since 1898 Germany has had a grudge against us, and after victory would come the opportunity to pick that venerable crow with every indication of success. (4) The temptation would be strong for the victorious Teutons to collect

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the indemnity here in the event of its being found impossible to exact it from the prostrate Allies.

Your argument has the ring of conviction about it, but upon nearer inspection it is seen to prove too much. To clinch it you must show that with sinister *intentions* Germany has also the *power* to carry out what she may be plotting to do to us. In the failure to do so resides the chief weakness of your otherwise very able effort. To carry out the intentions you credit her with, Germany must emerge so overwhelmingly victorious from the present struggle as either to compel the total destruction of all the naval forces of her enemies or their complete surrender and incorporation in her own fleet, otherwise her armada against us would not get much beyond the Needles. Only a fool or a madman would dare to assert that Germany could be so absolutely victorious as here outlined, or so utterly devoid of reason as to commit the mistake of the first Napoleon all over again, when he invaded Russia leaving hostile nations in his rear.

Her geographical situation, then, precludes any attack against us from that quarter, and we need not lose any sleep about it for some time to come. Only in one event could Germany hope to succeed against us—if she could manage to pull the grand invasion off in combination with all the Powers now leagued against her. While that is within the range of the conceivable, yet to predict such an outcome of the European war is to advance a preposterous idea.

To my mind the attack against our country cannot come from Germany. The thing cannot be "did." As you say in your article, "all this may be regarded as out of the question." The reason, however, which you give—that "Germany is not going to win the European war"—is not at all relevant in the circumstances.

W. B. Shules.

Baltimore, Md.

THE NICARAGUA ROUTE

Sir,—As usual, I was very much interested in your editorials in The North American Review for August. I was particularly interested in "A Treaty in Chancery," and the very curious international situation which obtains in connection with the pending Nicaragua treaty.

If it is not imposing too much upon your good nature, I would like to ask you two questions about the matter, which immediately arose in my mind, and which I am anxious to have answered.

First: Why were not the San Juan River and Nicaragua Lake used originally by the United States for an Atlantic to Pacific canal? The distance across the land in Nicaragua seems much less than across the land in Panama.

Second: Is it our idea to make another canal, or if so, what would be the advantage of it?

Joseph Ferguson.

Philadelphia, Pa.

[Since "Old Hickory" in 1831 warned Holland, and inferentially all the world, that the United States was of all nations the most interested in the Isthmian transit question, there have been many American projects for a canal at Nicaragua. Our first practical attempt at a canal anywhere

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on the American Isthmus was at Nicaragua, in 1837, under the lead of Horatio Allen, the engineer of the original Croton Aqueduct; while our latest was that under the lead of Warner Miller, in 1889, who, after spending millions of dollars in preliminary construction work, became bankrupt in the panic of 1893. For ten years after the latter date, the Nicaragua route had many advocates, but it was finally abandoned in favor of Panama because an opportunity to acquire the unfinished French canal at the lower Isthmus made the Panama route seem the more economical and expeditious.

There is no thought of making another canal, at least at the present time. The purpose of securing the right of way is to prevent anybody else from making one which would be a rival of our own at Panama, as well as to enable ourselves to make one if at any time in the future it should seem desirable to do so.—EDITOR.]

WHO'S CHOICE?

SIR,—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW appeals to me as no other paper in the whole country, and yet I do not believe its prophetic editor, Mr. Harvey, has been entirely fair with our present Administration. Although I enjoy his articles even as much as those written by Kentucky's own Henry Watterson, still I feel that President Wilson's Administration has not miscarried far enough by any means to warrant the opposition of so distinguished an editor as Mr. Harvey. I am trusting that he will see that there is surely nothing to be gained by following the choice of one Teddy.

B. W. BAKER.

HAZARD, KY.

A BETTER MAN FOR 1916

SIR,—You have been very fortunate in your selecting of candidates for Presidency during the last four years. You gave us a good man in 1912 and have given us a better man for 1916.

GEO. F. MORSS.

CAMDEN, N. Y.

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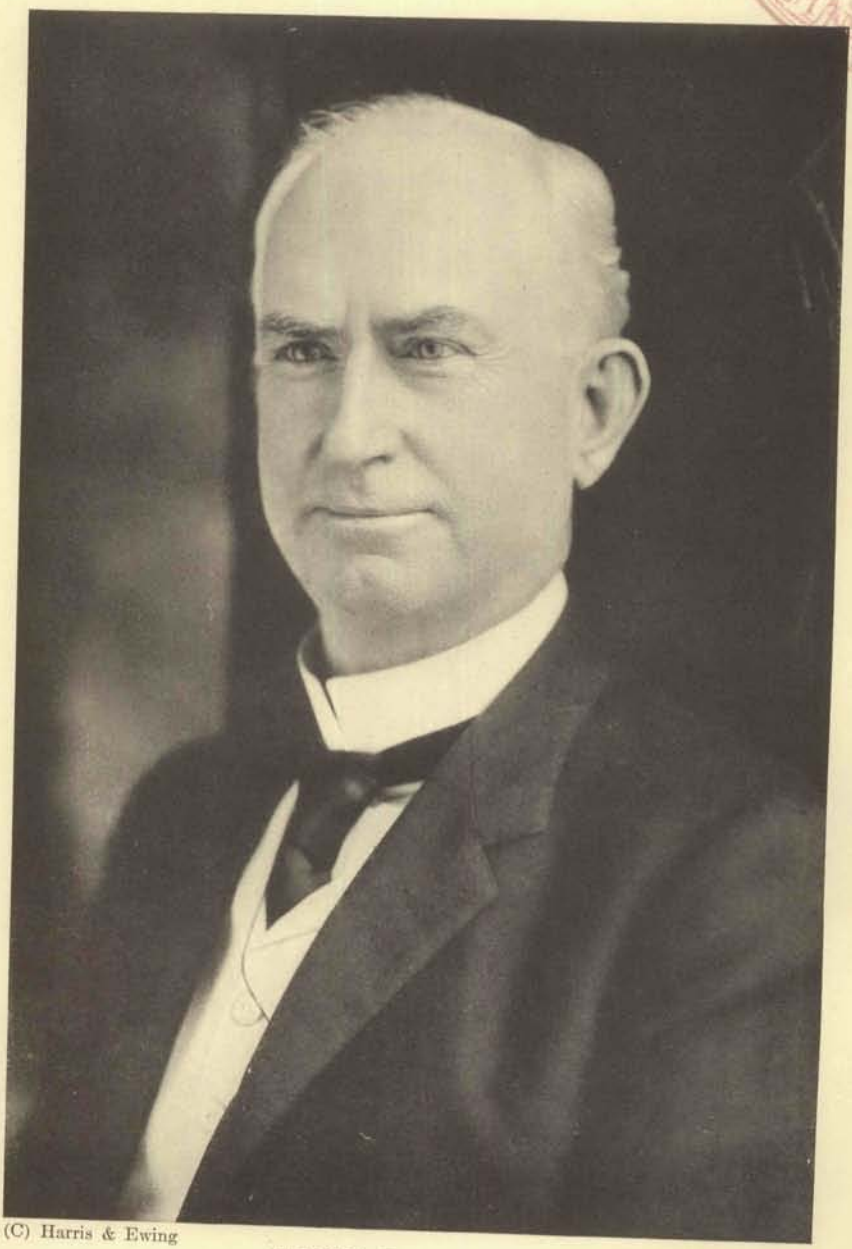

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JAMES P. CLARKE
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ARKANSAS

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THOMAS W. HARDWICK
UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM GEORGIA

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EUGENE BLACK

REPRESENTATIVE 1st CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF TEXAS

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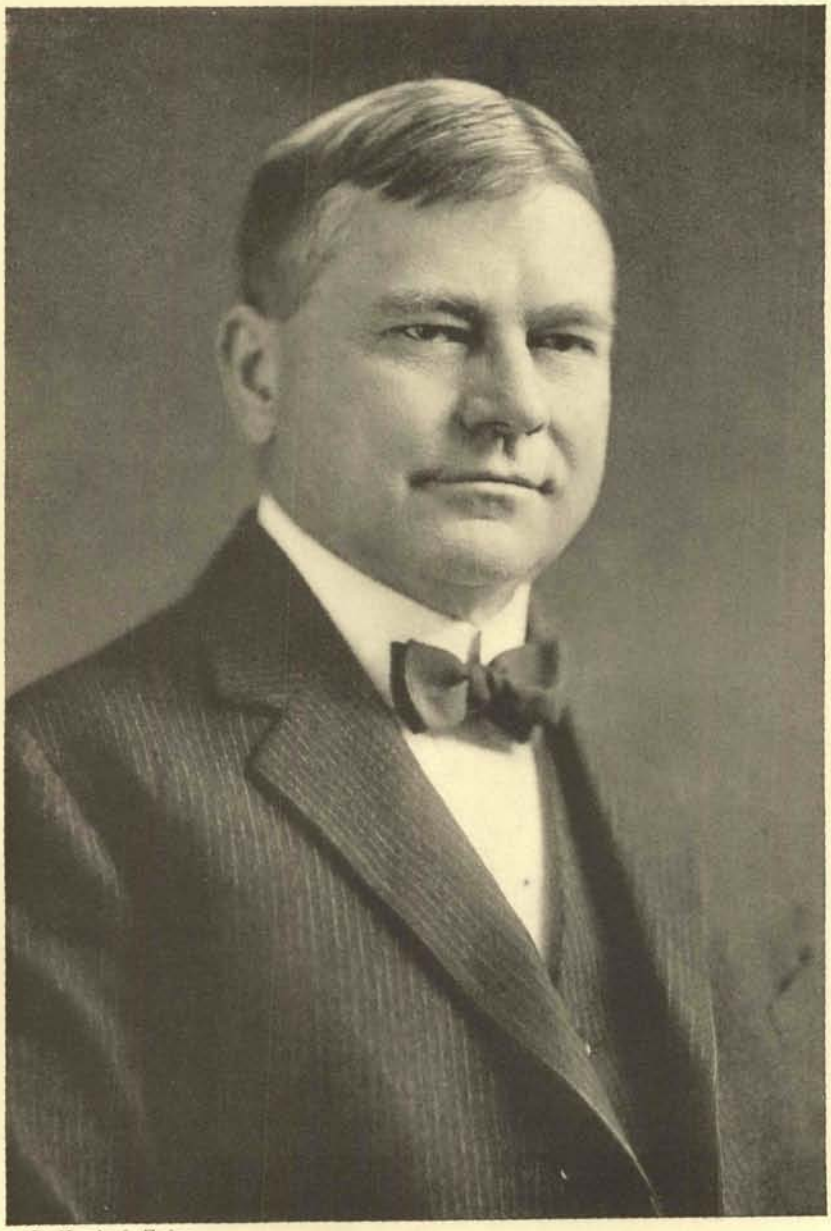

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HENRY J. STEELE

REPRESENTATIVE 26th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA

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